The Nation

Vol. CIII NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1916 No. 2680

Summary of the News

The result of the most closely contested Presidential election since 1884 remains in doubt as we go to press. The outstanding feature of the returns is the sharp division of opinion between East and West. The returns up to a late hour on Tuesday night appeared to admit of no doubt as to the election of Mr. Hughes. With the Republican candidate returned by large or sufficient majorities in New York, most of the New England States, and Illinois, all precedents pointed to an aggregate throughout the country of three hundred or more electoral votes. The early hours of Wednesday morning saw the beginning of a complete *bouleversement,* and as the returns of the Western States kept coming in throughout the day the chances in favor of President Wilson's re-election grew brighter. That Ohio would go for Mr. Wilson had been expected, and early returns seeming to favor Mr. Hughes were received with surprise; it was not until Republican Utah went for the President and reports from Kansas indicated a substantial majority for him that Republican managers became seriously disquieted. Then it was felt that to the steady flow of the "solid South" must be added something in the nature of a tidal wave from the West. As we write, the election seems to depend on the verdict of California and of Minnesota, Mr. Hughes requiring both of these States to give him a bare majority in the electoral college.

Postponement of consideration of the Marina case over election day, desirable in itself, was necessitated by the need of procuring full information. From the State Department it was announced early last week that informal inquiries had been made of Germany, and some time is expected to elapse before the report of the submarine concerned can be received. Secretary Lansing also authorized the statement that the policy of the President in regard to submarine warfare had not changed since the sinking of the Sussex. Meanwhile affidavits of the forty or more American survivors of the crew, collected by Consul Frost, seem to agree that the ship was torpedoed without warning. So far as can be ascertained, six Americans lost their lives. That there was a gun on the Marina is established, but it is the general belief in Washington that this fact will not be allowed to complicate the issue; indeed, it could hardly do so if the attitude of the Administration is to be consistent. There are indications, however, that the German authorities, probably in preparation for controversy in the Marina case, are making ready for a renewed debate over the issue of arming merchant ships. This would seem to be the explanation of recent reports from Berlin of attacks on innocent submarines by armed merchantmen.

Dispatches of November 4 gave details of what is described as another Baralong case which occurred on September 24. According to this account, a British patrol boat, disguised as an innocent merchantman and flying the American flag, sank a submarine which hailed her and then deliberately ran down a boat to which the only two survivors were clinging. The survivors, miraculously still surviving, though wounded, were taken aboard the British ship and submitted to all manner of brutalities. Finally, one of them, an officer, was transferred to Switzerland, after undue delay on account of the guilty conscience of the British Admiralty, and it is from him that the report comes. The inference drawn is that the British Admiralty has given orders that no prisoners shall be taken from submarines. This inference, as well as the part of the story relating to the attempt to run down the two survivors, was categorically denied by the Admiralty in a statement given out on Monday. The facts were that a British auxiliary on the date in question, flying a neutral flag—a legitimate *ruse de guerre*—came across a German submarine engaged in sinking a British merchantman. The white naval ensign was thereupon hoisted and the submarine was sunk. The auxiliary then rescued the crew of the British ship and afterwards the two survivors of the submarine's crew.

That Germany has adopted a more relentless prosecution of submarine warfare there is plenty of evidence. On Tuesday came the announcement by the British Admiralty of the torpedoing in the Mediterranean, without warning, of the P. & O. liner Arabia. On board were 437 passengers, including many women and children, all of whom were saved. On Wednesday, as we go to press, we have a brief dispatch recording an attack on the American steamship Columbian. On October 28 the Lanao, concerning whose present American registry there seems to be some doubt, was sunk by a submarine. Deeds would seem already to have confirmed a recent statement of the Berlin *Kreutz-Zeitung,* quoted in dispatches of November 4, that Germany has decided to make the safety of neutral ships dependent on guarantees that no part of their cargoes shall be landed at any British port.

So far as military operations are concerned, the chief event of the week has been another of those spasmodic offensives which have marked the Italian strategy. As we write, it appears to have died down like its predecessors, but it was productive of considerable gains of points of vantage east of Gorizia and on the Carso plateau; nine thousand Austrian prisoners were taken, and the Austrian losses must have been proportionately heavy. Unquestionably the offensive will have helped the situation on the Rumanian and Russian fronts.

From Rumania the news has been better for the Allies than at any time since von Mackensen and von Falkenhayn commenced their joint offensive. On both fronts the Rumanians have resumed the initiative. Substantial gains have been recorded in the Jiul valley and southeast of Kronstadt, although the frontier height of Rosca, east of Predeal, taken from the Germans last week, was again captured by them. Monday's statement from Bucharest announced the resumption of the offensive in Dobrudja and the retirement of Mackensen's forces from four villages about forty miles north of the Cernavoda-Constanza railway.

In the West the local fighting of the past few weeks on the Somme was succeeded on Sunday by a renewed Allied offensive, in which the French advanced their lines towards Le Transloy and the British gained some high ground in the neighborhood of the Butte de Warlencourt. South of the Somme also the French made progress on a two-and-a-half-mile front. At Verdun the French have completed their reconquest of the places so laboriously wrenched from them in the great German offensive by the occupation of Fort de Vaux, the evacuation of which was announced from Berlin on November 2.

Events in Greece are slow in marching to a climax, but the evidence is that they are moving in that direction. At any rate, the King's troops and Venizelists clashed last week at Katerina. Beyond the fact that King Constantine ordered reinforcements to Larissa to oppose the Venizelists and that Allied officials seem, somewhat inexplicably, to have allowed the use of the railway to these reinforcements, no further news has come through as we write. Lord Robert Cecil laid down the Allies' policy in the House of Commons last week when he stated that they were prepared to recognize Venizelos as de-facto ruler in any part of Greece where it was obvious that he had the support of the majority of the population.

A curious report was spread abroad last week that Great Britain had sent to Carranza, through American officials, a communication warning the de-facto Government against a possible breach of Mexican neutrality by German submarines operating in the Gulf of Mexico. Denials of the story were issued on Monday both by the State Department and by the British Embassy in Washington. The report seems to have originated in the fact that the State Department did suggest to the Mexican Government that precautions might be taken to guard against a violation of Mexican neutrality.

We comment elsewhere on the German announcement, to which at present only an academic interest attaches, of the prospective establishment of a Polish kingdom in that part of Russian Poland occupied by the Central Powers.

"Military necessity" is presumably the excuse for the complete muzzling of the German Reichstag, which is what its enforced adjournment on Saturday of last week amounts to. The Chancellor was to have delivered an important speech yesterday (Wednesday), but only on condition that there should be no debate. This condition apparently proved unacceptable to many of the political factions, and the Government took the alternative course of demanding a vote of adjournment, against which only the Socialists voted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week

The central fact in the Congressional situation is expressed in the phrase "nearly a hundred Congressional districts still in doubt." It is, therefore, entirely possible that, regardless of the outcome of the Presidential contest, the Democrats will retain both houses of Congress. Both parties have had gains and losses in the House of Representatives. The Republicans have picked up nearly a score of districts now represented by Democrats. In the East they have gained seats in Maine, Maryland, New Jersey, and New York, and in the West they have had successes in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Oklahoma. New York has tried to make a slight compensation for her decided Republican leanings on the Presidency by giving the Democrats a seat or two from those now held by their opponents, and even Pennsylvania has been kind enough to give them one district, while North Carolina follows her custom by defeating the one Republican she occasionally sends to Washington, and Connecticut, Ohio, and New Jersey replace a few Democrats by Republicans.

The net result of these gains and losses is to cut the present Democratic majority of 23 in two. The Republicans have been rather modest in their claims of carrying the House, and the outcome indicated by the figures named would not be very surprising. The numerous doubtful districts, however, may greatly increase the Democratic majority thus indicated. The situation in the Senate was also not unforeseen in its general outlines. It was recognized that the Republicans could win there only by obtaining a substantial victory in the Electoral College. Yet there are surprises in particular States. That Ohio would give the Republicans a gain of a Senator was counted upon, but Maryland adds to the unexpected features of the election by also replacing a Democrat by a Republican. One is not especially astonished at Indiana's apparent substitution of two Republicans for two Democrats, but how the party of the late Senator Aldrich is taken aback by the action of Rhode Island in electing Senator Lippitt to stay at home! This is what comes of popular election of Senators. New York's thumping plurality for Calder is offset by Utah's surprise in exchanging a Democrat for Senator Sutherland. Few of the President's friends will mourn Martine's fate in the President's own State. Altogether, the Senatorial elections promise to reduce the Democratic majority from 16 to 4.

Mr. Hughes has carried the State of New York by a big majority; but Mr. Whitman has a bigger majority for the Governorship, and Mr. Calder has a very much bigger majority for the Senatorship. *Gott strafe Wilson* doesn't seem to have counted for much in the great State of New York, or in the great city of New York, the home of the *Staats-Zeitung*, the *Herold*, the *Fatherland*, and the American Truth Society. Of Wisconsin, we were told in a dispatch on Wednesday that "Hughes is running nearly 30,000 ahead in the State, but Milwaukee will give to Wilson about 7,000, indicating that the much-talked-of German-American vote for Hughes did not materialize." Hamilton County, Ohio, with the big German-American centre, Cincinnati, gives Hughes 12,000 plurality; but in 1908 Taft carried it by 18,000, and in 1904 Roosevelt piled up in that county a plurality of more than 40,000. And throughout the country the President showed up far stronger than his party. In spite of all this, it would be foolish to deny that a good many American citizens of German birth or extraction voted for Hughes to show their dislike for Wilson; but instead of the deafening rush of an avalanche which the professional German-Americans have been leading some timid souls to fear, the sound is one that it almost requires a microphone to detect. The German-American vote is one of a dozen elements—the Catholic vote, the woman vote, the Jewish vote, and what not—which enter more or less as real factors in the result, but of which, after all, far the greater part is cast upon considerations which are quite independent of the peculiar interests or prejudices of the class in question.

But, comparatively small as is the part that has been played by the so-called German-American vote, it is a thousand pities that its prominence in the campaign was permitted to be such as it was. This would have been completely averted if Mr. Hughes had, at the very outset of his campaign, done what he easily might have done to bring about that result. He need not have said a word to hamper his freedom in the event of election; without doing this at all, he could have made it unmistakably clear that he desired no votes cast for him upon the expectation that his policy would be more favorable to Germany than President Wilson's had been. Having thus, so far as in him lay, washed his hands of the German-American alliance, he could have afforded to give no further attention to the matter. As it was, he carried the burden of that alleged alliance about his neck throughout the campaign. The depressing effect of this circumstance upon the whole of his canvass can hardly be overestimated. How many votes it may have directly turned against him, there is no way of estimating; but far more serious was its indirect effect. It created part, and on the whole probably the most important part, of that general impression of emptiness and impotence which was produced by his whole campaign, except that part which related to the Eight-Hour-law episode. As a matter of electoral power, the German-American vote was no great affair; as a test of character and judgment, no limit can safely be set to the influence it exercised.

So far as the State results in New York are concerned, the great surprise is the remarkable run made by Mr. Calder. Just why he should have led the field as he did is not clear, unless it is the fact that Mr. McCombs's physical inability to campaign and his total lack of any real message of themselves gave Mr. Calder a walk-over. Aside from this it shows the results of three years of active campaigning and the loyalty of the Republican machine to one of its own. Gov. Whitman is, of course, entitled to make the most of his great victory, all the more so in view of the narrow margins by which Mr. Hughes carried the other States that are surely in his column. To run well ahead of the Presidential candidate can, however, not be as great a cause for pride as if Mr. Hughes had made a popular appeal. As for Mr. Seabury, he made a plucky fight, running in some places ahead of Mr. Wilson, in others behind. This will hardly disappoint him seriously, for he has three times been elected a judge after having first been defeated for that office. If he runs true to form once more, he will be renominated and elected in 1918. His greatest handicap was that the farmers knew so little about him, but had he been better known, he would hardly have won, in view of Tammany's treachery and the general drift to Hughes. Finally, it is interesting to note that in a number of small towns like Auburn, Hornell, and Rome, there was a marked drift to Wilson; but the greatest Republican strongholds, like Rochester, did the trick, together with the farmers, who did not turn to Wilson to the extent that was expected.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The returns on special questions within the States indicate that suffrage has made slight and prohibition notable progress. South Dakota, which once before refused women the right to vote, reports the decisive majority of 10,000 for the suffrage proposal; while in West Virginia early returns show that the suffrage amendment has been defeated. There seems little doubt that the prohibitionists have carried Michigan, where the up-State districts voted two to one for the amendment, and Detroit may also have carried it; in South Dakota, the very decisive majority of 25,000 is reported for it; and in Nebraska, fairly complete returns give it a majority of 20,000. On the other hand, as was expected, prohibition received a defeat in Missouri and in Maryland of apparently such emphatic nature that it will be difficult to raise the issue again. The addition of one more suffrage State will bring the total, including Illinois, to thirteen; the addition of three more prohibition States will bring the total to twenty-two.

The complete answer to the argument that Wilson has kept us out of war was supplied by the Republican National Committee and Hughes. The moment peace is signed there will break out in Europe a fever of manufacturing such as the world has never seen. Goods to be dumped on our shores will be produced more rapidly, more cheaply, more efficiently than this country can hope even to approach, and precisely because Europe will have had the advantage of three years of war and we shall not. That is the handicap which Wilson has imposed on American industry. We shall be forced to compete with a Germany stimulated by the loss of a million dead and three million wounded. We shall be compelled to meet the challenge of French industry brought to an unparalleled pitch of efficiency by the destruction of half the French factories and the annihilation of one-third its skilled workers. Our farmers will be under the necessity of competing against the Russian wheat fields stirred into unprecedented productivity by the disappearance of four million peasants. Against Europe leaping forth to the conquest of the markets of the world in the full glow of her ravaged harvest fields, her ruined mines, her demolished railways, and her disorganized finances, stands Defenceless America, without a single advantage in the way of casualties, invasions, exhausted capital, wasted harvests, ruined factories, and depleted shipping. Thus, by keeping us out of war Wilson has not only destroyed the soul of the nation, to the great agony of Mr. Roosevelt; he has administered the death-blow to our prosperity by depriving us of the mortuary lists, widows, orphans, cripples, blinded, prematurely old, insane, ash heaps, ruins, shattered factory chimneys, torn up railways, demolished bridges, and depleted food stores, upon which alone the flourishing industrial life of a continent can be built up.

No step in civil service reform is more urgent than the inclusion of postmasters of the first, second, and third classes in the classified civil service; and while it is in Congress that the heavy fighting must be done, the fact that President Wilson has announced himself for the measure is very encouraging. President Roosevelt was able to place 14,000 of the fourth-class postmasters under the civil service by a mere executive rule; President Taft was able to do the same four years later, in 1912, with the remaining 36,000. President Taft advocated in the latter year the inclusion of all postmasters and many other Federal officers, as collectors of customs and internal revenue, surveyors, assayers, and receivers. The Democratic Administration has been converted to this liberal view only slowly. Burleson recommended in 1914 the inclusion of third-class postmasters, in 1915 that of second-class postmasters as well, and this year will recommend the inclusion of all—President Wilson giving his "hearty approval." In these three classes there remain only about 9,000 Presidential appointees, but the exclusion of these important posts from the classified service is a great stumbling-block in the path of thoroughgoing improvement in the whole Department. As for the other side of the matter, President Taft has eloquently expressed the vexation of having to turn from affairs of national or international importance to consider a postmastership from the standpoint of party and local squabbling.

Better evidence of the Filipino's capacity for self-government than the speech of Manuel Quezon upon his recent return to Manila would be hard to find. His welcome was the triumphal one given the bringer of the Jones law; to the thousands lining the streets or those banqueting him he might have spoken indiscreetly. Yet he is reported even to have put Governor-General Harrison to shame by saying, after the latter had ascribed the opposition to the law to "misinformation and intrigue," that the American people were the best friends the Filipinos could have, and even the opponents of the Jones bill acted in the conviction that they were doing best for the islands. He did not predict complete withdrawal of the Americans as certain, but spoke of the alternative of an autonomy which should leave the Filipinos free except with regard to foreign affairs—the Filipinos themselves to make the choice. He assured the Filipinos that America would not relinquish her sovereignty while foreign aggression was possible, and that "the United States will undoubtedly have to be shown that we are prepared to maintain a stable government under all the conditions that would naturally affect a country's national existence . . . financial and economic as well as political." A speech so free from presumption, from railing at the opponents of prompt Philippine independence, from appeal to passion, should strengthen the willingness of Americans to deal fairly with the Filipinos it represents.

It is refreshing to learn from the *Staats-Zeitung* that two cities of the German Empire—Bridgeport and New Haven—and indeed an entire German province, that of Connecticut, have done honor to several prominent Americans. The affair happened in this wise (we follow the *Staats-Zeitung's* precise language):

> The German Central-Verband of Bridgeport sent yesterday the following telegram to Capt. König, of the Deutschland, in New London: "The Germans of Bridgeport send you and your brave men their heartiest congratulations, and hope to have the pleasure of welcoming you personally here in Bridgeport." The Central-Verband of Connecticut will, in addition, give a banquet to Capt. König and his men at the Hotel Taft, in New Haven, and, besides Gov. Holcombe, several prominent Americans have been asked to attend.

Let us hope that this handful of Americans fully appreciated the compliment, and that they did not feel too embarrassed in the presence of so many natives.

On the face of the facts as now known, the sinking of the Marina, with the loss of American lives, is of serious concern to our Government. If the stories of survivors are true, the ship was torpedoed without warning. This would constitute a distinct violation of the solemn pledge made to the United States by the German Government. The German Embassy at Washington concedes the gravity of the occurrence, as reported, and declares that, if any German submarine commander has disregarded his orders, he will be "severely punished." This would imply, too, that an official apology would be offered and an indemnity tendered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile, the President and the Department of State are ordering a swift and rigid investigation. Its outcome we are bound to await; but it is certain that, if the incident proves to be as flagrant as now appears, our Government, committed as it is on the general principle that submarines must not sink merchant ships without warning, will take appropriate action.

The views of Mr. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Co., regarding the status of our loans to the Allies, are timely, because they clear up certain persistent misconceptions. He states as his "unqualified opinion" that "the unsecured Government bond of Great Britain or France, free from home income tax and payable in dollars in the United States, is just as sure to be paid as the unsecured bond of the United States, no matter how the war terminates." We have no hesitation in saying that this is the opinion of every intelligent financier. But Mr. Davison goes still further, quoting "one of the highest authorities in Great Britain" as having said to him that "an internal obligation of the Government is a debt owed by the Government to its own people," but that "an external obligation of the Government is a debt of all the people, through the Government, to holders without the country." This also is an indisputable fact, though often overlooked in discussions of England's pending loans in the United States. It means that the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan of 1915 is substantially a first lien on the property and income of the English and French people, and that the $550,000,000 English Government loans of this present year are similarly secured by the English people's property and income.

When the people of Great Britain have willingly increased their annual taxes by no less than $1,500,000,000, the financial status of these American loans, as regards the probability of future payment, ought to be plain enough. Mr. Davison speaks with some deprecation of the requirement this year, by our lenders, of collateral on the British Government loans. He asks how the American people would feel if the United States were at war and England were to take our war loans only on condition that they should be secured by pledge of South American government bonds. As an economic question, the parallel is fair. It is possible, however, that Mr. Davison overlooks one consideration, which made England itself ready to accede to the plan for "collateral." A two- or three-year loan, secured in this way, is a proper investment for American banking institutions; there was more of a question regarding permanent investment by our banks in a five-year unsecured bond like that of 1915. So long as our investing public generally had not accustomed itself to securities of foreign governments, this consideration was important.

The mention of Servian forces as operating in the Dobrudja is another instance of the trouble to which the Allies have gone to emphasize the sentiment of unity of purpose and unity of front. The number of Serbs coöperating with the Rumanians and Russians is certainly small. The only way they could have been brought into the Dobrudja was either by ship from Corfu through the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, Archangel, and all the way across Russia, or by the still longer water route to Vladivostok and across Siberia. The transports that carried the Serbs to a Russian port had brought the Russian troops that are now operating on the Macedonian front. In neither case were the numbers sufficient to affect the fortune of war, but, as in the case of the Russian detachments in France who have been in the trenches on the front in the Champagne, it was sentiment, and not military expediency, that counted. Even Belgium has spared, out of her meagre forces, a few armored-car operators who were reported in action on the Russian front at the beginning of Brussiloff's advance last June. On the side of the Central Powers there has been a much more practical amalgamation of forces. Germany has contributed officers to Turkey, which needed them, and has used in turn large numbers of Turks in Galicia and the Dobrudja.

There was no reason the first of this week to doubt that Gen. Mario Garcia Menocal had been reëlected President of the Cuban Republic. On the face of the returns he had a fair lead, and these returns were complete except for the Province of Oriente, at the extreme eastern end of the island, which is a Conservative stronghold. There a full count was expected to emphasize his victory. Nor is there anything to wonder at in the delay in compiling the vote, or in the claims made in behalf of Dr. Alfredo Zayas. A complicated ballot and the difficulties of communication on the one hand, and the temperament of the Liberal leader on the other, are the explanations; and confirmation of the Liberal defeat might have been read in the offer of arbitration and the threat to force American intervention. Only the counsel of desperation could have suggested either of these measures to ex-President Gómez, the real Boss of the Liberals, for whom their candidate for the Presidency is a mere figurehead, having been Vice-President under Gómez, and his candidate for President in 1912. Gómez is not the kind of man to arbitrate. He acts first, and tells why afterwards—when it suits his convenience; and he is perfectly aware that the idea of a third intervention is full of terror to the average Cuban, who believes that if Americans again take possession of their Government it will be a permanent occupation, and who cannot be made to see that annexation is a last resort, as repugnant to Americans as to the Cubans themselves.

To speak plainly, it is the baleful influence of José Miguel Gómez that American lovers of Cuba fear, not Dr. Zayas. In 1908 Gómez defeated Menocal for the Presidency. Both men had made enviable reputations in the War of Liberation, but Menocal was a Conservative by nature as well as by party affiliation, a representative of the aristocracy, having large industrial interests. Gómez catered to the mob, and governed on the Jacksonian theory that "to the victors belong the spoils." Naturally, he made a record of administrative inefficiency. But a splendid palace on the Prado is a monument to his business ability in matters not of public interest. The Cuban Government is modelled as closely as possible on that of the United States, and Menocal has always been a student of American politics. Of a distinguished family, which included Aniceto Menocal, an engineer in the United States navy; Raimundo Menocal, the surgeon, and Armando Menocal, the painter, he took a preparatory course at Chautauqua, then at the Maryland Agricultural College, and in 1888 graduated from Cornell as a civil engineer, with the highest honors. A major-general at the end of the war, he served as chief of police in Havana under Gen. Ludlow, and later organized the Cuban Lighthouse Service. He aimed during his first term to give a clean, business-like administration of public affairs, and has been in this respect successful, although thwarted in certain plans for public improvements and economies by a Liberal coalition in Congress. He is determined to reap the fruit of these efforts for the common weal during the next four years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

Whoever has carried the election, and whatever the precise complexion of the popular and electoral vote when all the returns are in, the United States stands to-day in the presence of something like a political revolution. It glares at one from the map. The Republican party is confined to a fringe of States in the East and North. Even in them its former hold is broken. Look at New England. The old assured Republican majorities are gone. Only by the narrowest of margins was victory won. And when we think of Ohio and Kansas lost, and the confident Republican ascendency in a half-dozen other States of the Northwest imperilled or shattered, we can hardly be blind to what is going on.

The sceptre of political power is passing to the West in conjunction with the South and Southwest. It came very near doing so visibly in Bryan's first campaign. If he had not had a fatally weak issue, the thing might have been done then. Now it is virtually an accomplished fact. As clearly as Monroe marked the ending of the Virginia line of Presidents, or John Quincy Adams that of the New England line (Pierce was little more than a tool of the South), the election of the present year will be regarded by the historian as having written finis to a chapter of American political development.

Its significance is more than geographical. The alignment of States on the physical map of the country is only an accident. What really tells is the spirit, the sentiment, the attitude behind the grouping. The change is one of soul, not of region. This we see when we note how the shrunken majorities and low estate of the Republican party in New England correspond to the astonishing returns from Western States. It is deep answering to deep. The verdict is in both sections against the stand-pat policy of the Republicans, and the sit-tight campaign of Mr. Hughes. Of him in certain portions of the West where he campaigned, the old cynical comment on Henry Clay might be revived—that more persons came to hear him and fewer stayed to vote for him than in the case of any other candidate. The field was ready for tilling by Mr. Hughes. If he had in even one of his speeches risen to the height of his opportunity, and shown himself a flame of fire to light the path to the future, he need not have left the voters puzzled, alienated, dismayed. But he never once seemed to perceive that the great awakening of 1912, with the breaking up of parties which took place in that year, had any message for him. He could easily have won a mighty response from the progressive West; as it was he merely baffled and chilled it.

The chief lesson of the election is that the spirit born of the strivings of the past eight years could not be exorcised by a Bourbon Republicanism. And in light of the present moment, the wedding of contradictories—Hughes and Roosevelt, Republicans and Progressives—celebrated at Chicago, reveals itself as the sinister and hypocritical thing it was—something worse than a marriage of convenience. Its evident effect in the true home of Progressivism was to inspire disgust. Another demonstration which we are grateful that Tuesday gave us is that the crass, mercenary, brute appeal of high protection has lost its power. In the old days the West used to answer to it unfailingly. And Mr. Hughes attempted to renew it in the crudest form. Stout enemy of corruption that he is, he lent himself to a dogma that has been the source of more debasement of our political life than any other single cause. Daniel Webster warned against it on its first appearance in our politics. Other clear-sighted men of his generation declared that if a party undertook to distribute largess to favored individuals by means of a protective tariff, the purest and most profound statesmanship could not make head against it. And no longer ago than 1908, when Mr. Hughes was speaking for Taft, and was using the same unthinking language about the tariff that he has been repeating all through this campaign, William Lloyd Garrison, jr., wrote to him to express wonder that a man who hated corruption as Hughes did could be so blind to the insidious undermining of political virtue through log-rolled and purchased tariffs. Happily for the country, that hideous spell is broken. When the West resists and resents this form of political bribery, as it did on Tuesday, we may hope that the day is not far off when superstitious notions about protection will be put in the way of ultimate extinction.

To this whole vast change coming over the spirit of the political dream of America, one man has all along been sensitive. No tribute to the political genius of Woodrow Wilson could be higher than that given by this year's election returns. His prophetic soul, brooding on things to come, had flashes of insight where Hughes saw nothing but dull materialism. And the bold way in which the President flung himself upon the free and marching spirit of the West, staking all his political fortunes there, has brought him great distinction and a great reward. For he has shown himself a veritable Pathfinder, not only for his party but for the nation. In revealing the true hiding of political power in the United States, Mr. Wilson has shown us all that we must roll up our political maps and make one entirely new.

REAL HECKLING

Aroused by a heckler, Mr. Hughes to-day rounded out his declaration of principles. . . . These were questions which his managers had long believed would be asked before the campaign ended. Mr. Hughes went at the job as if glad of the opportunity to tell the American people where he stood on these issues without taking the initiative. They were questions which had been asked him in paid advertisements in every city he had visited.—[News dispatch.

These words give one a new idea of the helplessness of candidates. Here Mr. Hughes had been going up and down the land, burning to say what he thought about an embargo on munitions, but compelled to keep silent about it because no kindly heckler appeared to relieve him of the responsibility of "taking the initiative." His extended journeyings are now explained. It could not be possible that somewhere in the country a man was not to be found whose desire to know the position of the Republican candidate upon the question was as keen as Mr. Hughes's desire to state it. If only he covered enough territory, sooner or later he would find that man. True, the question which he hoped to be asked was being put to him "in paid advertisements in every city" he visited, but it was beneath the dignity of a candidate for President to take judicial notice of paid advertisements. He must wait for a heckler.

Or was his motive deeper? Was he luring the Democrats to spend their good money on advertisements when a heckler could have been hired at a small fraction of the expenditure? The American practice is for a candidate to get a friend to write him a letter, to which he writes a reply, both letters being given to the newspapers as spontaneous expressions of opinion which it has occurred to the writers might be of interest to others. So the Democrats wasted their money on advertisements and Mr. Hughes continued to pray for a heckler. In the end he may have had to arrange for one himself. The fact that the man who made it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible for him to say what he otherwise would have been debarred from saying went all the way from Louisville to Columbus, Ind., to ask his question raises a strong presumption in favor of this supposition. It was at Louisville that a heckler gave him the opportunity of saying something more definite than he had been able to say before about the Lusitania. What more natural than that Mr. Hughes in his extremity should have bethought himself of this inquisitor?

Certainly no other campaign has produced so much genuine heckling as this one—heckling, that is, obviously intended not to confuse a speaker, but to draw him out. Perhaps this is because no other campaign threatened to leave the voters so much in the dark upon what a candidate thought about matters that were in everybody's mind. The heckling to which Bryan was subjected in 1896 was of a very different sort, which reflected no credit upon those indulging in it. It is to England that we look for heckling as an established procedure, and it is England that furnishes the classic example of it. Yet it was not an Englishman, but an American, who was the victim—the triumphant victim—of that occasion. Everybody knows of Beecher's struggle with his audience in Liverpool in 1863, during the visit undertaken to strengthen and call out sympathy with the North. Only a reading of the speech, however, with the interruptions duly inserted, can give one an even approximately adequate idea of what Beecher meant when in his concluding sentences he said: "I have for an hour and a half spoken against a storm ["Hear, hear!"]." His combination of humor, tact, and force showed itself early in his speech, before, apparently, he had been interrupted in any serious fashion:

> Again and again I have attempted to address audiences that, for no other crime than that of free speech, visited me with all manner of contumelious epithets; and now, since I have been in England, although I have met with greater kindness and courtesy on the part of most than I deserved, yet, on the other hand, I perceive that the Southern influence prevails to some extent in England. [Applause and uproar.] It is my old acquaintance; I understand it perfectly—[laughter]—and I have always held it to be an unfailing truth that where a man had a cause that would bear examination, he was perfectly willing to have it spoken about. [Applause.] Therefore, when I saw so much nervous apprehension that, if I were permitted to speak—[hisses and applause]—when I found they were afraid to have me speak—[hisses, laughter, and "No, no!"]—when I found that they considered my speaking damaging to their cause—[applause]—when I found that they appealed from facts and reasonings to mob law—[applause and uproar]—I said, No man need tell me what the heart and secret counsel of these men are. They tremble and are afraid. [Applause, laughter, hisses, "No! no!" and a voice, "New York mob."]
>
> Now, personally, it is a matter of very little consequence to me whether I speak here to-night or not. [Laughter and cheers.] But one thing is very certain—if you do permit me to speak here to-night, you will hear very plain talking. [Applause and hisses.] You will not find a man—[Interruption.]—— You will not find me to be a man that dared to speak about Great Britain, three thousand miles off, and then is afraid to speak to Great Britain when he stands on her shores. [Immense applause and hisses.] And if I do not mistake the tone and temper of Englishmen, they had rather have a man who opposes them in a manly way—[applause from all parts of the hall] than a sneak that agrees with them in an unmanly way. [Applause and "Bravo!"] . . . Those of you who are kind enough to wish to favor my speaking . . . will do me the kindness simply to sit still and to keep still; and I and my friends the Secessionists will make all the noise. [Laughter.]

For some time Beecher was allowed to proceed without much interruption, but when he said: "If the South should be rendered independent——" the cheering and hisses broke out afresh, "half the audience rose to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and in every part of the hall there was the greatest commotion and uproar." Beecher "quietly and smilingly waited until quiet was restored, and then proceeded":

> Well, you have had your turn; now let me have mine again. [Loud applause and laughter.] It is a little inconvenient to talk against the wind; but, after all, if you will just keep good-natured—I am not going to lose my temper; will you watch yours? Besides all that, it rests me, and gives me a chance, you know, to get my breath. [Applause and hisses.]

One would have said, a priori, that heckling must be an American custom, part of the general tendency to license in this unruly country, and that nothing so rude was likely to be found in a land of old and just renown, where everything slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent. Yet the fact is the reverse of this. In America it is the heckler and not the speaker who is on the defensive. Is this because we have the feeling that the heckler puts himself in the attitude of being above the rest of us and upon an equality with the speaker? Is it that we regard him as interrupting the performance we have come to see, while in England he is regarded as the most interesting part of the performance? Or is the difference one of those inexplicable national variations of which nothing more is to be said than that they exist?

VERDUN AND BELGIUM.

The future implications of the French reconquest of Douaumont and Vaux are for the moment of less significance than the light which the German failure around Verdun throws on German motives, German policy, and German strategy from the beginning of the war. Say that after "cleaning up" Rumania the Germans make another try in the west. That cannot do away with the fact that the Verdun battle of 1916 was a German failure, precisely as every other offensive in the west, on both sides, has been a failure when measured by definite results. The real war on the western front began with a French attack along the entire line, in Alsace, Lorraine, and Belgian Luxembourg. It ended in simultaneous defeat. There followed the German rush against Paris. It ended in defeat on the Marne. There followed the furious German drives for Calais by way of Ypres; failure. There followed the Allied attempts in Artois and Champagne; failure. There followed the German rush for Verdun; failure. Everywhere in the west the defensive has proved stronger than the offensive. Only in the east has Germany won those large-scale victories which she expected to win in France. And to-day the expectations of German victory are grounded on the beating down of Russia. So long as Russia holds out, the war for Germany must be a defensive war.

Germany's marvellous conduct of the defensive warfare thrust upon her against the expectations of her military leaders has never been so clearly displayed as it is to-day. German resourcefulness appears at its best, not in France and Belgium, but on the eastern front. Let it be recalled that for the Allies the great hope at the beginning of the war was the crushing of Austria. Then Germany would be dealt with. It seemed a simple case of subtraction. Well, that subtraction has almost been accomplished. The Austrian armies have been reduced to comparative insignificance. Austrian leadership has virtually disappeared. From bracing up the Austrian armies with German regiments it came to bracing up with whole German armies. Then it came to the taking over by Germany of the command of the Austrian armies. In Hungary to-day there is a powerful party which protests against the keeping up of hollow appearances. It demands that Vienna be excluded from any voice in the management of the war, and that in name as well as in fact Berlin shall receive full charge of things. For Berlin has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

risen to the necessities of the situation. When Brussiloff took nearly 400,000 Austrian prisoners in three months, there were enough German troops to stop up the gap. When the Austrian armies lost Transylvania, there were enough German troops to win it back. Austria has virtually collapsed, but Germany has shown herself able to take up the additional burden.

In view of what Germany has accomplished in two years of defensive warfare, what becomes of that Law of Necessity which compelled the German armies to smash through Belgium, in order to get at Paris, in order to settle with France, in order that Germany might turn rapidly against her real enemy, Russia? For that is the sequence which Germany pleaded in her justification of the torture of Belgium. The menacing hordes of the Slavic Empire must be thrown back. Before that, France must be crushed. Before that, Belgium must be overrun. Was this roundabout process really necessary? Given her wonderful resourcefulness in defence, Germany could have stood on her own frontiers, behind her trenches and her machine guns, while she was squaring her accounts with the Czar. That Russia would have speedily collapsed under the main assault of the Teutonic armies, there can be no question. It may be that France would have come to the aid of Russia. But as the able war editor of the *Manchester Guardian* points out in an illuminating paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it is doubtful whether France, coming to the rescue of Russia, would have fought with the same tenacity that she is displaying against the invader of her soil. What the rôle of Great Britain would have been without Belgium invaded is another subject of speculation. What public sentiment would have been outside of Europe, what the attitude of this country would have been, there can be little doubt; and Germany has insisted that the attitude of the American people has been a prime cause in depriving her of victory.

The fact is that it was not necessity, but appetite, that sent the German armies into Belgium. It was not the imperative need of crushing the French before turning on Russia, but the desire to crush France as an object in itself, and the belief that the trick could easily be turned. The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* goes so far as to absolve the German Government from this purpose. He insists that the Chancellor, which means the Kaiser, was only intent on establishing German predominance in the Balkans. That could have been attained by a war conducted in the manner outlined above. But the General Staff, under the influence of the "Westerners," Tirpitz, Moltke, and Falkenhayn, forced upon the nation the doctrine that Russia could be defeated only in France. In spite of the failure of the Marne and the retirement of Moltke, this party was strong enough to retain control of the General Staff. At Verdun the "Westerners" resumed their game, at what cost we know; and a cost all the more excessive when one thinks of what Germany might have accomplished in the east with the half-million men, more or less, that Falkenhayn threw away around Verdun. Just as Moltke failed to conquer Paris and let the Russians into Galicia and East Prussia, so Falkenhayn failed to win Verdun and paved the way for Brussiloff, the entrance of Rumania, and the capture of Gorizia. To-day the "Westerners" would seem to be definitely out of it. The Government has asserted itself against the General Staff. But the world properly refuses to recognize the conflict of opinion within German circles. For the tragedy of Belgium on the one hand, and the failure of the German strategy on the other, it holds Germany as a whole responsible.

THE RESTORATION OF POLAND.

In the Teutonic pledge of a revival of the Polish kingdom the outstanding fact is that self-government for Poland has behind it now the promise of Allies and Central Powers. From that point the Peace Congress will have to set out when it takes up the question of Poland's future. It does not matter that the promise of autonomy from Petrograd at the beginning of the war was a tactical move in the great war game, precisely as the promise of a "national state" from Berlin and Vienna is a move in the same game. The principle has been laid down. The price which Petrograd and Berlin have contracted to pay for the support of the Polish people and the sympathy of the outside world can no more be recalled than the price that Petrograd and Berlin have paid for the guns and ammunition they have contracted to buy. The German semi-official press is welcome to its boast that it remained for the Central Powers to give the first concrete demonstration of the rights of the small nations. The Allied press is welcome to retort that the concession has been forced from a Germany facing defeat. To the outside observer it is enough that out of the wreck and evil of the war one solid gain for progress and civilization has emerged; and not the least, because the gain falls to the share of a people that has suffered more than any other in this war. For Poland's woes under the forward and backward sweep of armies have been heavier even than Belgium's.

Restored Poland may mean one of several things. The fullest realization of Polish ideals would mean the reëstablishment of Poland as it was before 1772, with the restoration of the territory taken by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and complete independence. Or it might mean such territorial reintegration, with partial dependence on the Central Powers as the member of a new federation of Central Europe. Or it might mean the incorporation of Poland into either the German Empire or the Hapsburg Empire as a national state, with its own army, like the position which Bavaria holds under the Hohenzollerns and Hungary holds under the Hapsburgs. Or it might mean these varying gradations of self-government applied to a smaller territory than that of Poland before the partitions. The first hypothesis is out of the question. That West Prussia and Posen will not be Germany's self-denying contribution to the rebuilding of the Polish kingdom, that Austria will not throw in Galicia as her own share, is plain enough. The manifesto speaks of the new kingdom as to be constituted out of the "districts" conquered from Russia, the exact frontiers to be determined later.

It is not, therefore, the Poland of 1772 that the Central Powers have promised. As to the liberties to be enjoyed by the new kingdom, there is no definite statement. Independence is not mentioned in the manifesto. The new kingdom is to develop its national life in "intimate relations with both Powers," and in "due consideration of the general political conditions prevailing in Europe and of the safety and welfare" of Germany and Austria. What is foreshadowed is an autonomous Poland with a Platt Amendment more rigorous than our own checks upon Cuban independence. For in the new Polish kingdom the organization, instruction, and command of the Polish army to be constituted "shall be arranged by common agreement." The phrase "intimate relation with *both* Powers" is significant. It disposes of the hypothesis of Poland as a kingdom within the framework of the Hapsburg monarchy or the Hohenzollern monarchy. It calls up the grandiose idea of a *Mittel-Europa* outlined by Naumann, the possibility that after the war Central Europe will be united in an economic bond, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the armies of the members of the economic union will be under the leadership of Germany.

Can Germany and Austria refuse to give up their own share of the ancient Polish patrimony for the rebuilding of Poland? In consistency they cannot; but they may take the position that the gift of national life they are bestowing on Poland is itself so great that they can hardly be asked to divest themselves of territory they have held for nearly one hundred and fifty years. Will the people of the new Polish kingdom be content to have millions of Poles remain outside the kingdom under foreign rule? They will not be content, but for a great many years to come they are sure to make a virtue of necessity, and by that time the organization of *Mittel-Europa* may have reached the point where the question of Posen and Galicia may be solved without difficulty. Undoubtedly there will have to come a change in Prussian policy in Posen. But that will follow automatically. It is impossible to think of a Polish kingdom living in "intimate relations" with Germany while the dragonnades in Posen continue. The establishment of a national Polish state will bring about an era of good feeling in Posen such as exists in Galicia. That would be the Teutonic argument.

It is an argument based entirely on the supposition of German victory in the war. And for the future of the war the Teutonic manifesto is highly significant in that it means the end of all rumors of a possible separate peace with Russia. Concerning France and Belgium the Central Powers have made no threats or claims. But Russia is to be made to pay. The manifesto may be in fact the result of Russia's refusal to enter into separate negotiations.

THE AUSTRALIAN ELECTION.

Returns upon the referendum election in Australia to determine the question of conscription for European service leave no doubt of Premier Hughes's defeat. The result was close and mixed. While the latest figures show in the populous industrial State of New South Wales 264,000 for and 378,000 against, in Victoria they show 287,000 for and 275,000 against; while in the comparatively rural South Australia they show 65,000 for and 90,000 against, in West Australia they show 59,000 for and 25,000 against. But it is indicated that out of a vote of two millions the anti-conscriptionists will have a majority of 100,000. By this the social progressiveness of the continent will be felt to be vindicated, while those who have watched with disgust Hughes's course during his recent visit to England will rejoice at the partial repudiation. The split which the issue has caused in the Labor party is shown in the resignation, on the eve of the election, of a Minister, an assistant Minister, and the Vice-President of the Executive Council. There was talk during the campaign of the formation of a new Labor party, and there were radical members of Parliament who denounced Hughes as a tool of Northcliffe and his Tory press and called first for the defeat of the proposal and then the elimination of the Premier.

The issue on which Hughes went to the Commonwealth was repeatedly asserted to constitute a crisis. He declared in speech after speech that the country—which has enlisted 300,000 men, owns a Dreadnought and fast cruisers, and has built up great war factories—was not doing its share. The Empire had requested it to keep its five divisions on the firing line intact, and to do this 16,500 men a month would be needed—yet volunteers came in by "driblets," 300 a day. For want of compulsion not only was the Australian quota dropping, but those who did go to the front had insufficient training. Demand far surpassing supply, volunteers had to be sent off at once. Thus in September, 32,500 men were needed to fill gaps and complete the first division, with the regular 16,500 afterwards. For this there were 40,000 in London and 40,000 in Australian camps; by December they would be exhausted, and the newest contingent would have to leave with less than two months' drill. Conscription was pointed to as the "historic necessity" of war, the American Civil War draft cited, with the recent British argument that conscription was just in that it does not drain off the ardent and courageous earliest. Thus single men were first to be called up, and estimates of the numbers eligible and still unenlisted reached 300,000. Two ex-Premiers, Cook and Watson, came forward, and with them the Federal Liberal party, while a Universal Service League found the support of non-partisans like Prof. Edgeworth David, of Sydney University, Prof. Orme Masson, of Melbourne University, and Archbishops Wright and Kelly. Upon the argument that "Great Britain has more than nine millions helping fight the Germans—over one-tenth the population bearing arms, over one-twelfth manufacturing arms," Hughes, whom the Sydney *Morning Herald* reports as received in all the Australian capitals "with enthusiasm," was emphatic.

The opposition undoubtedly found its chief strength in labor men whom the Premier could not drag with him, and in the women—though the latter's vote was thought doubtful to the end. With the extreme radicals Hughes had already clashed over the refusal of the Broken Hill miners last summer to accept arbitration. But it was the disaffected moderates in labor ranks who proved his chief opponents. F. G. Tudor, Minister of Customs, early resigned to come out against him. There was wide fear that the country was bowing to militarism, and the men who have won in Australasia the most favorable working conditions known responded to the sentiment that human life should not be at the disposal of arbitrary state mandate. Others were fearful that military conscription might pave the way to industrial conscription, and that future Governments might use this power to coerce labor when it was at odds with capital. The British Liberals who heard with resentment Hughes's advocacy of the immediate destruction of German trade within the Empire and the vigorous prosecution of a post-bellum tariff war, had their counterpart in Australian Liberals who looked on Hughes's whole course as lacking in humanity and vision. It was argued that conscription would defame the patriotic reputation Australia had made at Gallipoli and in France; that Australia, considering the demands for men at home in a new country, *was* doing her share; and that the difference in the numbers brought out by the conscriptive and voluntary systems would be far too small to justify such a departure from democratic principles.

The defeat of conscription is the more eloquent in that Australia had already gone far on the road to it. It was Mr. Hughes, Senator Pearce, and the ex-Premier, Watson, who several years ago, aided by Roberts, converted a pacifist Labor party to the present system of universal training for home defence. Conscription for home defence was instituted a month before the election by Government action without a referendum. The campaign just waged was one of the hottest in Australian history, with the slogan, "Would the Kaiser rather have you vote yes or no?" widely used. With sentiment in Canada and South Africa what it is, the Australian election adds to the general assurance that the great self-governed Dominions will not act as Prussianism would have them do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Correspondence

RECRUITING IN IRELAND.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 21.

"It is really a matter of atmosphere," said Mr. Lloyd George in a startling speech contributed towards the close of the debate on the condition of Ireland. He was specially referring to the detail of recruiting; upon the causes of current stagnation he made statements which amazed his audience. The House of Commons also has its atmosphere, varying with time and circumstance, but always recognizable. On Wednesday it distinctly took the form of unreality. Recurring to the practice of Irish Parliamentary leaders in the seventies and the eighties, Mr. Redmond moved an uncompromising vote of censure upon a Government he has loyally supported since the outbreak of war. His party was mustered in numbers not seen throughout the long session. When he rose to submit his resolution they hailed him with a strident cheer, a really successful echo of far-off fighting days, when Parnell was leader and Liberals and Conservatives were united in hostility to the Home Rule propaganda.

But the hour and the man were both changed. The Nationalist leader was denouncing a Government one of his supporters in the safety of Kilkenny had described as "the damnedest political tricksters that ever disgraced a nation." But his carefully prepared, unusually lengthy speech was prepared for consumption in Ireland, not for conviction at Westminster. Though he addressed himself to right honorable gentlemen on the Treasury Bench, he kept his eye on his esteemed countrymen, Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Tim Healy, watchful on a bench below where he stood. The eruptions in Easter week of the men whom Mr. Dillon, with unwonted access of delicate irony, described as "the educated idealists detained in penal servitude," and the consequent plunging of hapless Ireland into a state of anarchy at the very moment when she seemed on the verge of settlement of ancient factions, furnished an unexpected and irresistible opportunity of flouting the Member for Waterford. With their loyal assistance the breach might have been healed before the storm broke out over Dublin. That assistance they refused, not because they loved Ireland less, but because they hated John Redmond the more.

The Irish leader has consequently been compelled to fight for his life. A necessity essential to success in the struggle was that he should outbid his rivals in the breadth and scope of his new programme. Hence his demand for repeal of martial law, his insistence that "the educated idealists" responsible for, if not actual participators in, shooting at sight soldiers and policemen in the streets of Dublin and destroying some of the capital's historic buildings, should be released if they were untried, or if sentenced to penal servitude should be treated as political prisoners, and his peremptory insistence that the Home Rule act should forthwith be put into operation.

An urgent Ministerial Whip filled the chambers with more than 400 members. The strangers' galleries were crowded, and from the peers' gallery a group of noble lords especially interested in Irish affairs looked down on the scene. The unreality of the whole business being felt, there was at no time during the long procession of hours approach to that excitement that habitually attends Irish field nights in the Parliamentary arena. For awhile during delivery of Mr. Devlin's trenchant personal attack on the Prime Minister the House was moved to evidence of subdued passion. But it fell back into a state of partial torpor till attention was recaptured by the War Minister's remarkable admission with respect to recruiting in Ireland.

Mr. Redmond devoted the most striking, because the most practical, passages of his speech to recital of the discouragement he had met with in high quarters in his efforts to recruit his countrymen for defence of the Empire. "I should like," said Mr. Lloyd George, "to be able to make a good Parliamentary defence to some of his criticisms upon recruiting methods of Ireland in the most crucial period of the first few months of the war. Honestly I cannot do so." Amid pained silence he admitted that "some of the stupidities, almost looking like malignities," perpetrated at the beginning of recruiting in Ireland were beyond belief. He was perfectly appalled at the methods adopted to try to induce the Irish people to join the ranks. The only consolation he could offer an audience shocked at this frank revelation was that a different system now prevailed. "But," he added with something like a sigh, "it is difficult to retrieve and recover lost opportunity of that kind." This disclosure was made towards the end of a wearying debate, and was not followed up by subsequent speakers. That it made a profound impression on both sides was evident in conversation in the lobby.

A peculiarity of a notable debate was that none of the speakers, save the mover and seconder, made any reference to the amendment. This was cleverly framed, its ingenious reasonableness suggesting the workmanship of an older Parliamentary hand than the Member for Cambridge University, to whose care it was committed. In view of the importance of Great Britain and Ireland presenting a united front to the enemy, discussion of matters of controversial domestic politics was deprecated. The division on Mr. Redmond's motion brought the sitting close up to eleven o'clock, when perforce, the standing order not having been suspended, the House adjourned, leaving Irish matters much where they stood eight hours earlier.

SPYING OUT THE LAND—PHOTOGRAPHY AIMING BIG GUNS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 20.

Readers as ignorant as myself will be glad as I was to have an explanation they can understand of the dependence of artillery fire on the weather. Recently for several days the French and English offensive along the Somme was held up by low-lying clouds, with mist and rain. Every one knows it was not just because the gunners fear water, or because water puts out explosives. The reason, as every one also has been informed, is essentially that artillery cannot do its work unless the guns can be aimed right—and fog hinders good aim, or, indeed, any aim at all. The big guns aim in these battles at something out of sight and out of range of the longest-distance glasses; and so all these battles become mysterious to the ordinary layman.

Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg lately told the world that the Allies ought to accept a peace based on the map of war. Well, the Allies are aiming their big guns, which they intend shall demolish Germans and their works, and so be a basis for peace—by the map.

The map has to be made from actual sight, there and then, of the ground where the German works are which the guns have to demolish; and the Germans have the ground defended as completely as possible from any French or English soldier seeing them. They are so well kept from human sight that no officer or engineer, even looking down with his most powerful glasses from an airship of any kind, could direct the artillery aim which is needed. Something other than human vision has had to be found to do the work.

I cannot say which side began what is being done, or just how much the technical part of it has been improved since war began. In and out of fog, photography has to trace the map from above; and when the officer who has to order the aim down below gets the photographic result, he learns as nearly as is possible now just where he has to take aim if he wishes his big shells to reach the proper spot.

This sounds easy, but its achievement is one of the greatest triumphs of man over material difficulties which this war has accomplished. Before the war, all sorts and conditions of photography—rotary, cinematographic, and all the rest—had been perfected. We are celebrating, this week, the victory of the Marne of two years ago, which stopped short all German plans of reaching Paris, and saved France. On the 9th of September the German armies of von Bülow and von Hausen were beating their retreat through the marshes of Saint-Gond. How they had obtained beforehand a map of roads and paths through this treacherous marshland and found their way amid rising fogs, is another story. What interests us here is that, among the indescribable medley they left behind in the marshes—ambulances, with complete sanitary equipment, in which they had no time to place their wounded, left lying in long lines beside the roads; overturned batteries and heaps of shells, knapsacks, and cartridges, and wound dressings, packages of letters beside canned-meat boxes, butchers' meat spoiling, and champagne bottles emptied—there were parts of cinematographs. These had doubtless been intended to record the triumphant entry of the Kaiser's army into Paris. The Allies have since learned to use photographic apparatus to hasten the further retreat of the Kaiser's armies farther and farther away from Paris.

First, you have the trenches in which the Germans, after the defeat at the Marne, have fortified themselves; and there are what the French call "bowels" leading crisscross to other and deeper trenches, and often to veritable forts underground. Here cavalry is useless, and infantry cannot attack until trenches and bowels and underground fortifications have been smashed and their barbed-wire approaches and all that have been cut and swept aside. This has to be done by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

multitudinous heavy shot and shell—and these the artillery cannot send effectively unless the gunners can get the exact aim of what they have to demolish.

The guns which must do the demolishing are several miles away, and all sorts of things—woods, hills, river, cliffs—are in between. In a general way, we know that captive balloons in the gunners' own lines help to direct the aim; and that aviators, accompanied by officers who are competent observers, dashing over the enemy's ground, and escaping his fire, bring back precious indications marked on the minute maps made by the French General Staff in the leisure of peace.

That seems to have been nearly all that was done in the early part of the war. Even at Verdun, where the Germans have had six months to study out every detail of the ground held by the French, just so far as an observer in an aeroplane can do it, immense amounts of German explosive shells seem to have been wasted—that is, inefficiently aimed. One who has been there tells me he thinks a great part of all the land around will be useless for cultivation until the layer of metal which completely covers it has been removed. The Allies have abundance of munitions now, but they would waste it showering it like that along the Somme. What they have been doing is to find the points which need demolishing, and then find how to aim the demolishing shells at them.

> Why has not man a microscopic eye?
> For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

That was the poet Pope's idea. The Allies have had to find a telescopic eye for their aeroplaning observers, with some other record of its perfect vision than marks on a General Staff map. They have succeeded.

The observer who sits with the aeroplane pilot holds between his legs an immensely powerful photographic apparatus, with its lens turned down towards the ground. He plays the spring of it all the time they are flying, here and there and everywhere above the ground where there are works to be demolished. Such an observation aeroplane has to fly so high, to escape the enemy's perpendicular cannon, that the observer could see with his natural eyes and glasses scarcely anything more than a loosely defined relief-plane. The particulars would escape his sight—and how could he note them?

There is another and greater difficulty: An observation aeroplane has enough to do without defending itself against the enemy's attacking aeroplanes, with their quick-firing guns. Even a juggler could not manage at one and the same time an aerial mitrailleuse and a photographic machine, no matter how automatic. So this observation aeroplane has to be accompanied by a squad of fighting aeroplanes, some before, to open the way, and some behind, to defend in case of attack.

With all these difficulties, it is wonderful any result of real use can be obtained. Yet the success of the Allies' artillery in demolishing the enemy's positions before the infantry rush to the final attack has come largely from this mechanical spying out of the land. If a cloud comes between the observer and the ground, obliterating his photographic vision, he has to begin his flights over again, once, twice, three times, perhaps. When he is satisfied that he has a result, back he flies to camp, and gives his roll of negatives to be developed.

That which appears to the untrained eye is neither a landscape nor a bird's-eye view. It is an unintelligible gray surface, with shadows more or less dark, and little white points and lines, with minute squares and circles, which are also white. But the lines are roads or trenches; the points and squares and circles are houses—or batteries—when they are not the great funnel excavations of big shells that have exploded. The shades are slopes of hills or valleys or rolling land—or woods used by German gunners for cover.

The first thing to be done is to fit all the negatives together in proper succession. Then their record is exactly noted on the largest scale-map which the General Staff can furnish. And last comes the painful study of the least line or point or light or shadow which they reveal. It is an exercise of mathematical reasoning to get at the details; and it is psychology to work out a likely opinion of what the details mean to the enemy. Are batteries hidden where this shadow is? Or does that suspicious light disclose a *camouflet* that hides a whole fortification?

The enemy knows all this, and excels in making fallacious details for such photography around his positions—details misleading and helping to waste the Allies' shells. After the artillery has wrought its demolishing, the observation aeroplane has to verify what has been done. That tells how far the first reasoning out of what the photographs revealed was accurate—and it enables the gunners to begin all over again, and this time with better chance.

Notes from the Capital

THOS. E. WATSON, KNIGHT ERRANT.

That Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, should have opened a war upon President Wilson's aspiration for a second term ought not to occasion any surprise. Watson is always fighting somebody or something, and usually on the side where people unfamiliar with his career would not expect to find him. That is why it is a mistake to describe him, as more than one writer has done, as "meteoric." He is comet-like, rather; for meteors project themselves across the sky with no discernible regularity, whereas there is a well-established periodicity in the occurrences of most of the comets. Watson's period is once in four years, and he has appeared in the political heavens at such intervals ever since 1888, when he was a Presidential elector-at-large on the Democratic ticket. It was also as a Democrat that he was elected to the Fifty-second Congress in 1890; but the People's party took form in 1891 as a grand aggregation of all the malcontent elements in the population, and, believing that the day of judgment had come at last for Capital and Monopoly, he joined the Army of Deliverance and steered his course as a Representative by the light of his revised allegiance.

He is well remembered in Washington as the gaunt, angular, hungry-eyed, auburn-haired, smooth-shaven champion of the submerged and downtrodden masses in that Congress, more fiery and with a broader vocabulary than even the celebrated Jerry Simpson. A combination of lawyer, farmer, and writer, he united in himself all the quaintness of manner and speech which marked the "new" Southerner of that time, as distinguished from the aristocrats who filled the higher offices before the Civil War and for several years after it. He belonged to the group of which Ben Tillman was the most conspicuous specimen, who were resolved to turn all the traditions south of Mason and Dixon's line wrong-side before and compel a complete realignment in public affairs.

In Congress, Watson suffered the fate of most immature members, introducing a variety of bills, but leaving his personal stamp on little finished legislation. He did, however, make himself famous in another way. In 1892 he wrote a campaign book for the Populists, entitled, "Not a Revolt: It Is a Revolution," in which he arraigned his Democratic fellow members, then in control of the House, in terms which left nothing to the imagination. They were hypocritical, extravagant, dissolute, false to their promises, generally unworthy of the dignities they were degrading. Naturally, the Republicans came in for their share of his denunciation, as "Blaine the millionaire," "Wanamaker the pious," Elkins the land-grabber, Sherman the manipulator of public funds, Stanford the beneficiary of legalized robbery, and thus through the long list. So, when an Alabama member brought out some of the contents of the book in a speech on the floor, its author found substantially the entire chamber in arms against him. There was an investigation by a committee, as fruitless of real results as usual in such cases, and then came the autumn elections, which left Watson at home.

Four years later he was up and at it again, this time as candidate for Vice-President on the Populist ticket headed by Bryan. His special drive now was against "Sewall the Plutocrat," who filled the corresponding place on the Democratic Bryan ticket. He condemned all fusion movements, because they would have involved some measure of Populist support for this hateful national banker. "Mr. Sewall cannot carry his own family," declared Watson, in one of his characteristic speeches. "He cannot carry the ward in which he lives. He cannot carry the town in which he lives. He cannot carry the State in which he lives. He is a wart on the party. He is a knot on the log. He is a dead weight to the ticket. . . . Let Sewall scoot and Watson arrive." Then he fell afoul of Marion Butler, Chairman of the Populist National Committee, accusing him of betraying the trust his party had reposed in him, and scheming to elect the Democratic rather than the Populist ticket.

In 1900 Watson was less conspicuous, and, when his party seemed bound to nominate him for President, willy-nilly, he crushed the movement by publicly declaring that he could not accept under any circumstances, and appealing to his admirers to "number him among the politically dead and let him thenceforth rest in peace." In 1904, nevertheless, the movement was renewed, and he consented to let his name be put at the head of the Populist ticket, on condition of the party's cutting loose from all alliances. He enjoyed himself thoroughly in that campaign, lunging at will into both the old parties, but making no secret of preferring Roosevelt the defiant to Parker the shrinking. His defeat did not tame him in the least, and four years later he was ready for an onslaught upon the Federal judiciary, which he declared to be the worst-hated of American institutions. Its autocratic pretensions, he was sure, were going to plunge the country into another civil war, for which four hundred thousand Socialists were preparing. Since then, Watson's public appearances have been chiefly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned with defending himself against prosecutions for sending unlawful matter through the mails, the causes of offence being articles he has printed against the Catholic Church; but, though his enemies pushed him hard, every indictment has broken down, either before trial or after.

The People's party has been dead for a half-score of years, and Watson doubtless realizes the fact by now. If he is going to struggle longer against the Plutocracy, it seems as if the Democratic party offered the only vantage-ground for a warrior of his peculiar type. What we have seen of his course in the past may afford a criterion of how far and how successfully he will carry forward his revolt against President Wilson.

TATTLER.

Book Notes and Byways

TARLETON'S TOMB.

By A. G. BRADLEY.

I thought I knew my Herefordshire, the most beautiful county, take it all round, in the southern half of England, to my thinking! Indeed, I am responsible for two books on the Shire, but not long ago I was confronted in a remote and picturesque village I know pretty well, or, to be precise, in its spacious early English church that I had visited more than once, with a hitherto undiscovered monument that fairly took my breath away. None of the guide-books which deal, among other things, with each and every celebrity associated with Herefordshire, makes mention of this one. None of the local historians or archæologists known to me, which means most of them, has ever by word or pen suggested that the dust of a once famous soldier in a great and crucial struggle lies within their beat. Most of them, indeed, would be none the wiser for reading the voluminous and rather florid eulogium that covers it. Hence perhaps this singular omission amid the mass of local historical and biographical detail an English county such as this one gathers into the shelves of its public library.

As a matter of fact, the very name of the brilliant young cavalry leader is forgotten in England by all but the very, very few who read or write on the Revolutionary War. But in me, who have been always at close quarters with the subject, and familiar with many of its scenes, and, still more, spent many years of my earlier life in Virginia, where Tarleton was still a sort of traditional "bogeyman," this unexpected discovery of his tomb awakened something like emotion. Many people in America, where his name *is* still remembered, if with mixed feelings, must have wondered, like myself, what became of this brilliant young soldier, and how it came about that in the long years of ensuing war which shook England and Europe his name never once appeared. But of this anon.

Now, on the occasion in question I was spending a month in Ludlow, and had run over to Leintwardine, seven miles off, for a day's trouting in the lovely River Teme, which plunges here through a succession of deep woody gorges that skirt those far-extending upland forests which Milton made the scene of his "Comus." The trout slacking off early, I walked back to the well-known Anglers' Hostelry at Leintwardine and, with an hour to spare, thought I would renew a former acquaintance with the fine old fourteenth-century village church. Whether the large, bare, unseated, and screened-off side-aisle or chapel was actually new to me I forget—nor does it matter, as at the first glance it promised nothing of interest. Moreover, it was used as a sort of lumber-room for ladders, buckets, planks, and other articles necessary to the cleaning and upkeep of the church. I was, in fact, just turning away when in a far corner and partly concealed by this truck, a lofty mural monument caught my eye and seemed worth a glance. I should think it was! Not because it was beautifully carved in white marble with the conventional battle scenes of that period, but for the lettering upon it, which ran as follows:

Near this place are deposited the mortal remains of Sir Banastre Tarleton—Baronet-General in the Army—Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Governor of Berwick-on-Tweed, Colonel of the Gallant 8th Hussars—He represented his native town of Liverpool for seven Sessions and closed his distinguished career in this place Jan. 15, 1833.

He was a tender-hearted husband, an indulgent master and liberal benefactor to the poor. This monument is raised by his bereaved widow as a testimony of her affection. But he has a more imperishable memory for himself in the annals of his country, and in the hearts of many friends.

He was a hero, his youth's idol, glory,
He courted on the battlefield of war.
England exulted in her valiant son,
And stamped his name for ever on her story.

Times trophy gained and sheathed the warrior's sword,
He turned him sated from the world's renown
To die the humble soldier of his Lord,
And change earth's laurel for a heavenly crown.

The brief summary of Tarleton's uneventful career from his twenty-seventh to his eightieth year is recorded, to be sure, in the "Dictionary of National Biography." For myself who have had frequently to use it, I can only plead some unaccountable aberration for never having looked up Tarleton. But even so the bare record of his apparently automatic progress from honor to honor explains nothing, but rather emphasizes the mystery of his wasted talents and quenched martial ardor. For twenty years British soldiers and sailors in all parts of the world were working under the most intense warlike pressure. And when this began Tarleton was still in his thirties! At its close, when Waterloo was fought, he was only fifty-eight. In 1798, to be sure, he was sent to Portugal, but was very soon recalled *at his own request*, apparently to marry a natural daughter of the Duke of Ancaster, the lady responsible for the possibly not entirely undeserved eulogium in this sequestered corner of Leintwardine church and the artless lines beneath it. With this exception, if it was in this sense an exception, Tarleton never saw a shot fired after Yorktown, nor served anywhere abroad. There was here no question of pique or slight, which has occasionally sent even keen soldiers to a life-long sulk in retirement. On the contrary, "he returned to England at twenty-six," says Captain Wilkin (now, by the way, a prisoner in Germany), in a brief monograph, a man of note. "His portrait was painted by Gainsborough and Reynolds, whose pencils have left us his handsome face and soldierly figure. He was a noted raconteur and, like Lord Rawdon, was received into the circle of the Prince of Wales." Though during this period he wrote his book on the two southern campaigns, familiar to students of the war, it seems quite possible that the enervating influences of the Prince's set may have sapped his worthier ambitions, just as they may have accounted for his steady progress in fat appointments. His head may have been somewhat turned, too, by a life of fashion under royal favors. For Tarleton belonged neither to the nobility nor to the landed gentry. He was the son of a Liverpool merchant, an unusual origin 150 years ago for a dashing cavalry officer and "the best horseman," according to a good authority, "in the British army." The same writer, the late Hon. Francis Lawley, relates the following illustration of Tarleton's horsemanship. During some review of troops in the American war a buck-jumping horse was led out of the ranks as being incurably vicious and unridable. "Unridable, is he!" said Tarleton; "let me have him for ten minutes. I'll cure him." Providing himself with a heavy whip he mounted the horse in front of the troops and staff, and after successfully resisting for some minutes every attempt of the wild brute to throw him, took up the offensive and with whip and spur drove it at full gallop right down the British lines and out of sight. In ten minutes Tarleton was seen returning at an even canter without motion of whip or heel. Pulling up the horse, lathered, cowed, and trembling, to a walk in front of his own corps, he dismounted, threw the reins to a trooper, and remarked laconically to his officers, "I don't think, gentlemen, that horse will give any more trouble."

But Tarleton was no mere reckless, fighting horseman. He had a genius for the training of men and officers and for rapid and successful strokes. He was credited in America with a hard heart, and for ignoring the excesses of his troopers, mostly American loyalists. I am not concerned with these matters here. There were excesses and to spare on both sides in what was, in the South, virtually a civil war. Tarleton was also an Oxford graduate and entered as a barrister, but gave up classics and the law for soldiering and a commission at twenty-one. His turn for politics is rather curious in a young man of the qualities displayed in the American war. For on returning he lost no time in trying for the House of Commons and eventually sat for his native city of Liverpool for more than twenty years. His political zeal, however, may have been qualified by the desirable conjunction in those days of a seat in the House with a life of pleasure and fashion. He became a major-general in 1794, a lieutenant-general in 1801, a full general in 1815, and in 1820 a baronet and a G. C. B. He also held the full colonelcy (a virtual sinecure) of several cavalry regiments in succession, and, as his monument indicates, was for some years Governor of Berwick, another soft job. Neither he nor, I think, his wife had any connection with Herefordshire. Apparently they retired to Leintwardine for the last few years of Tarleton's life and occupied, so the rector told me, the present rectory. There is a local tradition that they lived very quietly and did not mix with the neighboring county families. This may have been due to failing health or age infirmities. But a further tradition exists of Lady Tarleton not having been "persona grata." Though hardly the case then in London society, even a duke's left-handed offspring might have been looked at askance in the provinces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All this, however, is vague. I do not even know whether there were children, but I fancy not. His career, or rather lack of it, seeing the times he lived in, has for me at any rate, knowing something of the species and cherishing always a certain admiration for the young partisan, the fascination of the inexplicable. The seclusion of his gorgeous tomb, behind the cobwebs of a disused aisle, in the last part of England I should have looked for it, gave something of a further filip to the touch of romance that early associations with Virginia have helped perhaps to connect with Tarleton's name. Of his two contemporaries who achieved the same kind of fame, though not so full a measure of it, in the same campaigns, Ferguson and Simcoe, the former died gallantly on King's Mountain, while the latter did a great practical work as the first Governor of Upper Canada. The colonel of the Queen's Rangers was a Devonshire squire. His people still live on the property, and there is a portrait of the general, ultimately commander-in-chief in India, hanging in the dining-room. Simcoe was a much finer character than Tarleton, and his activity in oversea countries shortened his life. His monument is in Exeter Cathedral, where one would naturally look for it. Ferguson, whose dead body the mountaineers stripped and flung to the buzzards on King's Mountain, was a most talented soldier. He had invented a breech-loader which was seriously tried in the British army. Son of a Scotch laird, he was ten years older than Tarleton and Simcoe. After his death the victorious backwoodsmen shot a hundred of their Tory prisoners and a few days later hanged ten of the officers at Gilbert Town, trifling details suppressed, I fancy, by the patriotic historian. And the "over mountain" men, who had suffered nothing in their homes from either party, had no excuse for such barbarism.

Correspondence

INFANTILE PARALYSIS AND THE LAMENESS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the autobiography which prefaces Lockhart's Life of Scott we read, "I shewed every sign of health and strength until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I shewed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed; and after being chased about the room, was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to shew such personal agility. *In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg.* My grandfather,* an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or sprain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain. When the efforts of regular physicians had been exhausted, without the slightest success, my anxious parents, during the course of many years, eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure which was held out by the promise of empirics, or of ancient ladies or gentlemen who conceived themselves entitled to recommend various remedies, some of which were of a nature sufficiently singular. *But the advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of natural exertion,* excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to; and before I have the recollection of the slightest event, I was . . . an inmate in the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe. . . . It is here at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather,* . . . that I have the first consciousness of existence. . . . Among the odd remedies recurred to to aid my lameness, some one had recommended, that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcase of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farm-house, *while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl.* I also distinctly remember the late Sir George MacDougal of Mackerstoun . . . joining in this kindly attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours, and I still recollect him in his old-fashioned military habit . . . with a small cocked hat, deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waist-coat and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, *kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it.* . . . This must have happened about my third year. . . . I was in my fourth year when my father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to my lameness. . . . My health was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air, *and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for when the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted,* my general health . . . was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air; and, in a word, I who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child. . . . At Bath, where I lived about a year, I went through all the usual discipline of the pump-room and baths, but I believe without the least advantage to my lameness."

Later in the autobiography, when discussing a period covering his sixteenth or seventeenth year, Sir Walter says, "My frame gradually became hardened with my constitution, and being both tall and muscular, I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. *This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback, and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day.*"

From this graphic account may we draw certain conclusions: That this was probably a case of infantile paralysis; that, through the country air prescribed by the Rutherford grandfather, and *the persistent course in gently inducing the child to exercise,* carried out by the Scott grandfather and the shepherd and (as the fuller narrative with its footnotes shows) by friends and servants, so complete a recovery was effected as to restore him to an active and vigorous habit of life?

Katharine M. True.

Glenn Dale, Md., October 10.

*Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

*Robert Scott,

"MATURATION AND SENESCENCE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Rabelais tells us that Pantagruel, while strolling one day outside of the gates of Orleans, met a young scholar from Paris, and fell into conversation with him about the life and habits of the students. "Nous despumons la verbocination latiale," said the young man, among other things.

This comical bit of Frenchified Latin flashed into my mind as I read an article on "Style and Meaning," by Mr. H. M. Kallen, in the *Nation* for October 12. Mr. Kallen has somehow come to feel that "the way to dusty death" would seem less dusty, if only mankind could think of "the span of our human life as a process of maturation and senescence." As I looked at these twins, Maturation and Senescence, they seemed very ugly and clumsy, and most fit to add another terror to death. But "de gustibus non est disputandum." If these ugly twins can really "banish much of the hardship of old age" by turning it into "senescence," why then, perhaps, the ugliness should be overlooked. But can they? Old Cephalus tells Socrates that the hardship is not from old age, but from the kind of character which men acquire in their earlier years (*μία τις αἰτία ἐστίν, οὐ τὸ γῆρας, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἀλλ' ὁ τρόπος τῶν ἀνθρώπων*). To the man who has properly ordered his life, old age brings deep peace and freedom from the stormy passions of earlier life. And one of the greatest masters of the conduct of life tells us that "though our outward man is decaying, our inward man is being renewed day by day." Beside this magnificent conception of old age how trivial appears "senescence," with its attempt to direct thought towards "inward physiological changes, deterioration of cell-structure, deposit of mineral salts," etc. It is the difference between the piping wind on a mountain top and the air in a dissecting-room.

Mr. Kallen says that "words are like empty bottles into and out of which the meanings are continuously flowing." This sentence causes in my mind a bewilderment like that of Faust as he listens to the Hexen-Einmaleins. If words are like empty bottles, is it because the bottles are empty and the words never are? I do not understand, but I comfort myself with Mr. Kallen's next remark: "All words are ambiguous." Mr. Kallen gives another definition: "Words are keys which unlock identical doors on different vistas." These "identical doors" puzzle me, but let that go. If words are keys, let me beg that we may have artistic, beautiful keys, such as Caparra used to forge for the art-loving citizens of Florence; not clumsy, shapeless ones, such as the German students used to hang on the band of their trousers and designate by the quaint name of Hausbären.

R. M. Beach.

Bellefonte, Pa., October 16.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY.

History of Domestic and Foreign Commerce of the United States. By Emory R. Johnson, T. W. Van Metre, G. G. Huebner, and D. S. Hanchett. Two volumes. Washington: The Carnegie Institution. $7.

It is now twelve years since the work of the Department of Economics and Sociology of the Carnegie Institution was started, in accordance with the general plan announced two years earlier. This plan, it will be recalled, as finally elaborated, provided for a comprehensive study of the economic history of this country under twelve separate but intimately related divisions of work. The divisions, as finally settled upon, were Population and Immigration; Agriculture and Forestry; Mining; Manufactures; Transportation; Domestic and Foreign Commerce; Money and Banking; Labor Movement; Industrial Organization; Social Legislation; Federal and State Finance; and the Negro in Slavery and Freedom. The work of each division was to be directed by an economist whose achievements in his chosen field of study especially fitted him for his task. A wide range of scholars was to be called upon to make special investigations or prepare monographs on such topics within the various divisions of work as hitherto had received inadequate treatment. The final volumes, or "summaries," in each division—the master work—were to be based upon an extensive collection of such studies, and were to be designated "Contributions to American Economic History."

This was a monstrous task, one which of necessity would involve the expenditure of considerable time; but, already, much has been accomplished. Upwards of sixty monographs, prepared under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, have been published independently, over seventy articles have appeared in periodicals, and more than one hundred studies, some of very comprehensive scope and magnitude, still remain unpublished.

The two bulky volumes before us, covering the general field of American commerce, represent a summary of one of the twelve divisions referred to above—that of Domestic and Foreign Commerce. The head of this division is Prof. Emory R. Johnson, who directed the investigation, wrote a goodly share of the summary, and edited the contributions of the collaborators. This was the first divisional summary to be published and, in view of the keen interest now manifested in this country in questions pertaining to commerce, the work is most timely. Though designed primarily for students of collegiate grade and for the self-directed reader of history, these volumes should have a much wider use. The educated general reader will find in them a well-balanced history of our domestic and foreign commerce, whose perusal should provide the material necessary to give him the proper perspective for an understanding of numerous present-day national problems within the field of economics.

The first volume is divided into three parts. Part I, comprising rather more than one-half the book, treats of American commerce from its earliest beginnings down to 1789, and, with the exception of two chapters, was written by Professor Johnson. It is appropriately introduced by an interesting and instructive chapter on the geographical influences affecting the early development of our trade. The point of view of the author is well illustrated when he states that "at the time of the settlement of America, three centuries ago, industry and commerce were aided but slightly by the mechanical agencies which now enable men to modify, direct, and turn to their service the conditions imposed by their physical environment. Geographic conditions exercised such a strong influence upon the economic development of America that the history of American commerce should begin with a survey of the geography of the North Atlantic and the eastern part of North America. In making this survey it will be best to consider the geographic control of both industry and commerce. As commerce is carried on chiefly to aid industry, both must receive attention in this analysis, although the presentation will, as far as possible, be made with reference to commerce." Following the introduction is an interesting and illuminating account of the crude beginnings of our commerce, the commercial policy of the colonies themselves, the development of commerce during successive periods until the close of the Revolution, and, finally, there is discussed the organization of American commerce in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Parts II and III were prepared by Dr. Van Metre. The former consists of an interesting treatment of a subject which hitherto has received but scanty consideration by historians and others—the development of the internal commerce of the United States. In a word, the writer traces the economic development of the country from its crude beginnings through the various stages of its evolution down to the present period of our remarkable industrial and commercial expansion. Part III is a brief but, nevertheless, interesting and important discussion of our coastwise trade.

The second volume also comprises three parts, of which the first is a continuation of Part I of the first volume in that it treats of the foreign trade of the United States since 1789. With the exception of the introductory chapter, which contains an interesting survey, by Professor Johnson, of American foreign commerce at the beginning of the national period, this part was written by Professor Huebner. The development of our trade is considered by periods ending with the years 1815, 1860, 1900, and 1913. In spite of the forced use of considerable statistical data, the author handles his subject well. Not only are the essential facts in trade development presented, but the underlying causes for expansion or stagnation are clearly set forth. The notable changes resulting from the Civil War are treated effectively in one of the best chapters in this division. The discussion of the organization of the foreign trade and of our commercial treaties will be of considerable value to those interested in present-day affairs. Parts II and III were contributed respectively by Drs. Van Metre and Hanchett and deal with the fisheries and governmental aid and commercial policy.

The volumes are replete with references and footnotes, are carefully indexed, and contain ten well-chosen maps. A part of the work deserving special mention is that which includes, at the close of the second volume, the bibliographical notes and extensive classified bibliography. These will prove of inestimable value to students and investigators who wish to carry still further their researches into particular phases of our commercial history. There is also a well-written introduction by Prof. Henry W. Farnam, who, in addition to carrying on his work as head of the division of Social Legislation, has, since 1909, been chairman of the entire Department of Economics and Sociology of the Carnegie Institution.

CURRENT FICTION.

Love and Lucy. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

If Mr. Hewlett has ever done anything more delightfully characteristic than this, we do not recall it. In one way, to be sure—in the item of its time and setting—it is not characteristic. For a certain detachment from the present has heretofore seemed essential to the weaving of his spell. But here he takes a theme such as Mr. Locke or Mr. Bennett might have chosen, and invests it with his own peculiar enchantment. He does that thing for which the critics are always crying—takes the ordinary person, living on anybody's street, and fills him and his affairs with the glamour of romance. People try this often and earnestly enough, but the result is commonly either strained or silly or sickly. Mr. Hewlett has "hit it off" in a fashion for which we may well be grateful. He takes a married pair of Londoners, sufficiently dated by a twelve-year-old son. Macartney is forty-two, prosperous, self-conscious, "rather bleak," and systematically hidden behind a monocle. His philosophy of life is "to be, and to seem, successful without effort." The wife of his bosom, a dozen years his junior, is a sweet woman starving for love. She does not rebel against her husband's little tyrannies of the paterfamilias, but she rebels against his woodenness: she mourns the romance which seems to have slipped by her forever. Then an astounding thing happens, a passionate kiss in the dark which assures her that she has mistaken her Macartney, and that behind his woodenness and his monocle a heart of fire is beating for her. In fact, it is an-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other man, and here is an absurdity which, if the reader wills, may spoil the whole story. Wouldn't Lucy, after thirteen years of marriage, recognize her Macartney's lips, in any conceivable circumstance? We must accept the premise, for the sake of the conclusion. Lucy is presently disillusioned, finds that her James is indeed a wooden man, or has failed to show himself anything else. There is a moment when she is perilously within reach of the gallant and conquering Urquhart. But it is at precisely that moment that Macartney rouses himself to the consciousness of her peril and of what he stands to lose. Thereupon a new Macartney begins to emerge, a Macartney of romance, competent and eager to give his Lucy the sort of devotion she needs; and having suitably disposed of Urquhart (after a fashion distinctively Hewlettian) we arrive at the happiest of possible happy endings. It is a cunning and delicious bit of romantic comedy.

The House of Fear. By Wadsworth Camp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Arthur McHugh, who has fought his way from the headquarters detective force to a managerial throne in the theatrical world, rents an old building in Broadway which has been unused for a number of years; and then his troubles begin. The place is haunted. In the midst of rehearsals the lights suddenly go out, and strange sounds are heard, strange odors scented. The leading actor plunges down dead at the climax of the play, and a man of stronger nerves has to be engaged to take his place. The author of the book uses every resource at his command to produce an atmosphere of terror and mystery, and succeeds as well as can be expected of an untrained pen. Of course, McHugh sets himself to discover the agent of these mishaps, and the result of his investigations may be learned from the book itself. Mr. Camp's greatest sin as a maker of fiction in this *genre* is his failure to let the reader into the secret of McHugh's pursuit; the detective work is all, so to speak, off the stage. But the invention of the story is sufficiently ingenious to make good reading.

The Hausfrau Rampant. By E. V. Lucas. From the German of Julius Strinde. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Frau Buchholz, be it known, was a Berlin housewife of renown whose fame in the eighties extended beyond the borders of Germany and reached the reading publics of England and the United States. The five or more volumes of pseudo-autobiography upon which her fame rests are the work of a contemporary of Bismarck and Wagner, whose success as the worthy Frau's creator is said to have cost him not a little chagrin, so far did it overshadow his reputation as chemist and scientific writer. Mr. E. V. Lucas, lately chancing upon a translated fragment of this monumental piece of fooling in the intervals of Italian reconnaissance, found the Frau's quality so delectable that he undertook compiling one volumeful of her exploits and prefacing it with all needed explanations.

His predilection is amply justified. The Frau's chronicle of the domestic vicissitudes incident to husband-hunting on the Landsbergerstrasse have all the fearful fascination of middle-aged feminine loquacity at its most ludicrously serious. It is hard to find a just comparison in Anglo-Saxon literature. The suggestion that "it is Dickensian in parts" seems peculiarly inept. If Goldsmith had made the Vicar of Wakefield's wife his mouthpiece, instead of good Dr. Primrose himself, Frau Buchholz might have had an almost exact English prototype. In their culinary prowess, their hospitable designs upon marriageable young men, their public ebullitions of temper, and the strength of their affections, the English country parson's wife and the Berlin dame are own sisters under their skins. But there is nothing of the transfiguring tenderness of Goldsmith's humor in the Teutonic portrayal. The self-revelation of the Frau is devoid of idealizing touches—a masterly piece of literalness in invention. And there are other differences which we must assume are the differences between English and German life and English and German ideas of humor, notably the predominance of beer episodes and the mother-in-law "motif" to a degree impossible to any of our humorists save the cartoonist or the daily fabricator of a funny column.

GERMANY'S POLITICAL AMBITIONS.

German Policy Before the War. By G. W. Prothero. London: John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

This small volume contains a surprising amount of information, stated in careful and authoritative fashion. The author is well known to scholars in America, where his lectures on political and constitutional development have been enjoyed by critical audiences, and where his writing has long been esteemed. His collection of documents relating to the period of Elizabeth and James is one of the three best source-books for English constitutional history, the introduction being not only the principal authority on the subject, but a veritable classic in its way; he is the editor of the *Quarterly Review;* and up to a short time ago he was directing the construction of a monumental publication upon the sources of English history, continuing the work of Gross—but this last undertaking, as many like it, has lapsed into abeyance while authors and students take part in the war or devote their attention to its problems.

The book, which is expanded from the notes of a lecture given by the author before the Royal Historical Society, follows the remark of Aristotle that political disturbances spring from small occasions but great causes, and propounds as its thesis that the fundamental object of recent German policy has been domination in the Balkans and in the Turkish Empire.

As far back as the first half of the nineteenth century Friedrich List advocated colonization of Hungary, and pointed out the value of the lower Danube where there were fertile and undeveloped lands for German settlers. About the same time Moltke conceived of a German principality in Palestine. A generation later these ideas began to be taken up in connection with vaster schemes. After the Franco-Prussian War explorers like Sachau and publicists like Bötticher revived the idea. "How often," said Bötticher, "are we to repeat to our countrymen who emigrate to America, that they can find at their very doors magnificent countries only waiting to be exploited. . . . We must create a Central Europe by conquering for German colonization large spaces to the east of our frontiers." Frantz suggested the establishment of a confederation from Holland to the Balkan states, driving Russia beyond the Dniester. Others extended their ambition beyond Europe to comprehend all of the Ottoman Empire. Dernburg, Rohrbach, Sprenger, Hasse, and Naumann pointed to the Near East as the goal of German ambition, and the Pan-German League acclaimed such a policy.

Bismarck would have nothing to do with the plan of extension towards the Bosphorus, but after his fall in 1890 there was a change. In 1889 the young Emperor made his first visit to Constantinople, and nine years later he went again, and on to Jerusalem and Damascus, where he proclaimed himself protector of Mohammedanism throughout the world. This period, 1890-1905, is the time of a larger imperialism, during which German colonial enterprise achieved some meagre success, while the Dual Alliance was formed, and finally the new grouping of the Entente Cordiale. Another period begins in 1905, after the profound alterations that resulted from the Russian disasters and the temporary disturbance of the balance of power in Europe. Now came the Moroccan crises of 1905 and 1911 and the Balkan crises of 1908 and 1913. In regard to the much-discussed question, one which we venture to think is not yet adequately settled, about the relative culpability of Germany and France in the African dispute, the author is more favorable to France than some recent writers have been. But, however important the western Mediterranean to Germany, it was not, after all, a matter of primary concern. Though her manner was threatening, she never presented an ultimatum as she did for Balkan interests in 1909 and 1914. The goal of the Teutonic Powers was elsewhere:

> Acquisitions in Morocco might come in by the way; the attitude of Germany in the episodes of Algeciras and Agadir shows that they were only secondary. In regard to the Balkans and the Turkish Empire they were repeatedly ready, if need were, to go to war.

The author believes that attack upon France and Russia was a preliminary step

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

masking the real aim, which could only be achieved by defeat of those Powers. But once her eastern and western frontiers were secured, Germany might without hindrance dominate the Near and the Middle East, after which, with enormously increased resources and prestige, "the final challenge might safely be issued to Great Britain for the empire of the world."

The introductory chapter contains the best brief statement we have seen of the development of German philosophic thought and teaching into potent ideas which are believed to influence Germans at present. Mr. Prothero thinks that the system of political organization and thought called militarism may be traced back to the two greatest names in German literature—Kant and Goethe. The doctrine of duty, taught by one, and the doctrine of self-culture, taught and practiced by the other, started two trains of thought which developed separately and divergently, were much metamorphosed, and then finally united in the political theory now prevalent.

Kant taught the transcendent duty of submission to the moral law, the duty once recognized, being a categorical imperative. In the German mind this idea of duty was the principal outcome of Kant's ethical teaching. The Wars of Liberation gave special meaning to the general idea, putting emphasis on duty to the state. This tendency was enforced by Fichte, who taught civic duty and self-sacrifice; with him the state embodied the popular will, and the commands of its executive must be obeyed. To this theory Arndt and Körner gave utterance in impassioned writing; while the philosophical idea was further developed by Hegel, who taught that the state was the outcome of spirit, and elevated it to something almost divine. Meanwhile Clausewitz insisted on the duty of every citizen to serve in the army; and afterwards Treitschke taught that the state was a semi-divine entity, strong, based on force, with the army as its highest manifestation, and with war as its grandest business. Finally come the cruder Bernhardi and a host of pamphleteers, with the declaration that might is right, and that success determines what is just.

The second line of thought runs down from Goethe's teaching of self-culture elevated also to the sphere of duty. This is carried further by Schopenhauer, for whom will, including self and self-consciousness, is the fundamental principle. From ideas of self-culture and the dominance of will power, combined with Darwinian theories, comes Nietzsche's notion of the superman, who by diligent self-culture and self-denial raises himself to a position of superiority over his fellows; who is in a constant state of war, first with his weaker self, then with his neighbors: "Might is Right; the strong man can, and therefore may and should, rule as he likes." And now the two currents merge into one. If the strong man may rule, so may the strong state. Fichte had taught his countrymen that they were chosen people; and this idea, long neglected, was enhanced by the writing of Gobineau, and by the later theories of Woltmann and Chamberlain, until at last Germans are honestly convinced that they are the select, and their country the super-state destined to rule the world, and deserving to do so. "'Reflection,' said Mme. de Staël, 'calms other peoples; it inflames the German.' And so the German mind has been prepared for war." But the author does not, and should not, ascribe the catastrophe primarily to the teachings of philosophers and dreamers.

EARLY GERMANIC LITERATURE.

Runic and Heroic Poems of the Old Teutonic Peoples. Edited by Bruce Dickins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

This little volume forms a useful addition to the series of text-editions and monographs dealing with early Germanic history and literature published in recent years by the Cambridge University Press. It is not so ambitious in its scope as the editions of "Beowulf" and of "Widsith" by Dr. Chambers, or the studies in early institutions by Professor Chadwick—the editor, indeed, humorously applies to his own work the well-known apology of Mr. Midshipman Easy's nurse. The amount of verse is, of course, not large, and the critical material, especially in the introductions, is very brief, so that the whole volume consists of only about ninety pages. Seven pieces are presented: the Runic Poems in Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, and Norwegian, the Anglo-Saxon "Waldhere," "Deor," and the "Fight at Finnsburg," and the Old High German "Lay of Hildebrand." The text, which represents careful critical revision, is accompanied by notes and translations of the original in prose. There are also bibliographies of the principal editions, translations, and commentaries.

It seems regrettable that the editor could not have devoted more space to his introductions, in which the general interpretation of the heroic poems is discussed. Many interesting and important questions are raised by these pieces—questions which sometimes have a significance far wider than at first appears. They have been much debated in recent years, often in learned periodicals not readily accessible, and the present volume would have afforded an excellent opportunity for a review of these questions, and an indication of their probable solution in the light of modern investigation. Such a review is all the more needed to-day, as the statements in many literary histories and works of reference are inaccurate and out of date. But Mr. Dickins devotes, for example, less than a page to general comments on "Deor," and only a few lines over two pages to the "Fight at Finnsburg." The difficulties in these pieces cannot even be suggested in such brief compass, much less adequately considered. The notes do not serve to supply this lack, since they are almost wholly textual in character. The reader not expert in Anglo-Saxon grammar would in any case have considerable difficulty in getting much illumination from this source. It seems fair to assume that the book will be used by many who are not scholars, but are interested in the poems as literature, and anxious to have trustworthy information in regard to their interpretation and literary significance. Such people will not derive much assistance from Mr. Dickins's introductory material. Summaries of the most authoritative recent criticisms would be of equal value to scholars, since, so far as we are aware, these summaries are nowhere to be found in satisfactory form.

The poems differ widely in their appeal to modern taste; the "Fight at Finnsburg" and the "Lay of Hildebrand" are still full of potent charm, while the Runic verses seem dry and lifeless. "Building the Runic rhyme, thy fancy roves," says Southey, but had he been more intimately acquainted with Germanic Runic verses, he would hardly have ascribed a large share in them to the imagination. These verses are not on this account to be despised; we are all too likely to fall into the habit of judging mediæval work too exclusively from the modern point of view, forgetting that what seems trite to us may to our forefathers have been full of pith. The Runic poems are curious productions, crystallized descriptions of common objects which provide names for the various runes. Occasionally, they preserve precious bits of lore, as in the lines about the old divinity Ing. They are perhaps chiefly interesting as illustrations of that love for poetic formulas so characteristic of Germanic verse, and so potent a force in its decline. As Mr. Dickins says, they have been somewhat neglected. It is particularly convenient to have the Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, and Icelandic Runic poems brought together in a single volume, with detailed exegesis. The editor has added a convenient table of the Runic alphabets, showing the earliest forms, and the differences between the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian systems.

The heroic poems here reprinted afford tantalizing glimpses of what was doubtless a rich poetic tradition. They represent the epic, all save "Deor," a lyric embroidered with epic reminiscences. The intimate connection between epic and lyric in Germanic verse is well worth careful study. It is illustrated in less obvious form in such lyrics as the misnamed "First Riddle" and the "Banished Wife's Lament," as well as by the lyric passages in "Beowulf." Some suggestion of this would have been in place in the present volume. Much greater exception must be taken to the remarks on the "Finnsburg Fragment"—decidedly the weakest spot in the whole book. Mr. Dickins thinks that "there is no reason for ascribing treachery to Finn . . . and it is just as possible that Hnaef was the aggressor," when the song was sung about Hnaef the Dane in the halls of the Danish king on an occasion of great national rejoicing! He thinks the "Eotenas" are the Danes, a conclusion impossible to support from the evidence of the poem, and rejected by the best critics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He refuses to admit that a blood-feud between two peoples forms the background of the story, rejecting such analogies as that with the Ingeld story as "pure hypothesis," when the frequency of this motive and the tendency of Germanic legends to run into well-defined moulds makes such an analogy entirely legitimate. He puts the whole setting of the "Fragment" after the death of Hnaef, who, he thinks, is the "war-young king" of the opening lines—truly the old confusions introduced into the poem by Möller die hard! It is disheartening to see these conclusions, at this day, credited with "the balance of probability."

The other selections, fortunately, lead the commentator into ways less beset with thorns and less encumbered with bibliographical obstacles. The textual criticism appears to have been carefully and adequately performed. In material as full of difficulties as this, there will naturally be much disagreement about the best reading of various passages, and about the proper solution of cruces that have long puzzled the scholar. The discussion of these difficulties in detail is not possible here; it is pleasant to note that Mr. Dickins has not only scholarly equipment, but good sense. Here and there a slip appears—*ne murn ðu for ði mece* ("Waldhere," A24) does not mean "have no care for that sword," but rather "take pride" in it, a typical illustration of Anglo-Saxon understatement, and "bent on spoliation" seems inaccurate as a paraphrase of "Finnsburg" 23. There are small errors in the German titles on pp. 86-87. On the whole, however, the volume is a creditable one, encouraging the hope that Mr. Dickins may do further work in a field in which this appears to be a maiden essay.

Notes

"The Last Voyage of the Karluk," by Robert A. Bartlett and Ralph T. Hale, is announced for publication on Saturday by Small, Maynard & Company.

Henry Holt & Company will publish on November 16 "Continental Europe, 1270 to 1598," by Chalfont Robinson, based on the French work of Bondois and Dufayard.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces the forthcoming publication of the "Christus Consolator and Other Poems," by Rossiter W. Raymond, and "A Fire in the Snow," by Charles E. Jefferson.

Laurence J. Gomme announces for publication this month "Verses," by Hilaire Belloc; "Ballades: Patriotic and Romantic," by Clinton Scollard, and "The Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916 and Year Book of American Poetry," prepared by Stanley Braithwaite.

Publications for November announced by the Century Company are: "A History of Ornament," by A. D. F. Hamlin; "How the World Makes Its Living," by Logan Grant McPherson; "The Possible Peace," by Roland Hugins; "The Art of Rodin," by Judith Cladel; "The Wonder-Box Stories," by Will Bradley; "Famous Sculpture," by Charles L. Barstow; "Three Midnight Stories," by Alexander Wilson Drake.

The Macmillan Company announces as published this week or immediately forthcoming: "Polly Trotter, Patriot," by Alden A. Knipe and Emilie Benson Knipe; "The Great Valley," by Edgar Lee Masters; "The Hope of the Great Community," by Josiah Royce; "An Apology for Old Maids and Other Essays," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick; "Stray Birds," by Sir Rabindranath Tagore; "It's All in the Day's Work," by Henry Churchill King; "Are You Human?" by William DeWitt Hyde; "The Soul of France," edited by Winifred Stephens.

Dr. R. W. Sellars, in his "The Next Step in Democracy" (Macmillan; $1.50) defines "democracy" by saying that it means "that people should at last be able to do things for themselves in a social way" (p. 88). The general impression left by his book is that the democratic notion is applicable to all forms of social life, and that in all these activities it is merely conscious and purposeful coöperation on the part of all for the common good of all. Socialism rightly understood is only democracy in the economic life. We now find no difficulty in acceptance of the democratic idea in the business of government, that is, in the political order; Dr. Sellars believes that it will eventually be found to be a successful principle in all the other orders that make up the life of man. He believes that under this principle man will attain his best, socially and individually. But he admits that democracy is no inevitable resultant of natural forces; on the contrary, it is "an achievement bought by slow and painstaking effort" (p. 248). He believes that democracy possesses the capacity of adaptability to the most varied environment, and is among the "fit" institutions in the struggle for survival. He believes that "it expresses what man has it in him to be and what he dimly desires to be as soon as he attains a definite self-consciousness and a distinct individuality. If so, it is the goal which human nature itself sets; but human nature in this sense is too often only a potentiality, not an actuality. Therefore the goal cannot be reached by a *coup d'état* or by magic words" (p. 256). It is a result to be reached by deliberate choice with full understanding.

This is a reasonable view, and is developed by Dr. Sellars in a persuasive way. But one cannot help wondering whether "human nature" has really set a democratic goal. Much depends upon one's view of "human nature." Two years ago Sir William Bateson, addressing the British Association, pointed out that to the naturalist men "stand as the very type of a polymorphic species. . . . In all practical schemes for social reform the congenital diversity, the essential polymorphism of all civilized communities must be recognized as a fundamental fact, and reformers should rather direct their efforts to facilitating and rectifying class-distinctions than to any futile effort to abolish them. The teaching of biology is perfectly clear. We are what we are by virtue of our differentiation. The value of civilization has in all ages been doubted Since, however, the first variations were not strangled in their birth we are launched on that course of variability of which civilization is the consequence. We cannot go back to homogeneity again and differentiated we are likely to continue" (report of address in *Science*, August, 1914). Now, if "human nature" sets democracy as a "goal," it must evidently provide a force which shall induce coöperation among the heterogeneous units of which human society is composed. This force, or motive, must be such as to induce the "superior" units to devote themselves to the service of the "inferior" units, and, what is of equal importance, if not indeed of greater, it must induce the "inferior" units to allow the "superior" units to do so. Is there such a motive in "human nature" as Dr. Sellars sees "human nature"? Or does he hold to the notion (which Sir William Bateson vigorously repudiates in the name of science) of gradual equalization by environment, *i. e.*, by equalization of opportunity? It seems to us that discovery of a sufficient motive to insure complete coöperation is the problem that confronts believers in complete democracy. Dr. Sellars's book, satisfactory in most respects, leaves us unsatisfied as to this point.

Owing to the present disturbed condition of affairs in the Near East, the interest attaching to the final destiny of Turkey, and the various Balkan states, and the disposition of Constantinople at the close of the war, students of history will be grateful to Prof. Herbert Adams Gibbons for the material he has gathered into his study, "The Foundation of the Ottoman Empire" (Century; $3 net). In delving into the history of the origins of the Turk Professor Adams had unusual opportunities during a long residence in Constantinople. There he had access to Turkish chronicles, which he has supplemented by the more valuable data found in various early European records, and his research covers the period 1300-1400, down to the death of Bayezid I. In his survey of the Turk, Professor Adams reminds us that the Osmanlis really had no history until they forced the attention of the declining Byzantines, and that the race had already subjugated the entire Balkan peninsula before it annexed Asia Minor. In the light of contemporary political developments it is interesting to know that the Osmanlis never gave battle without the aid of allies who were related by faith and blood to those they helped to bring under the yoke of Islam. Regarding early social traditions the author quotes the famous Arab traveller, Ibn Batutah, who repeatedly remarks on the freedom of Turkish women, adding that they were never veiled, nor were they segregated. It was not until Murad II that the Sultan had a harem, and the inferior status was only imposed on Turkish women after the time of Soleiman. "Immediately it became prevalent the race began its decline." According to a writer of the seventeenth century, Père Febvre, veiling became so popular in Turkey that it was adopted by Christian and Jewish women as well. Professor Adams is at pains to establish the fact that the new, virile race, by fortuitous circumstances, had already obtained its foundations by conquest in the Balkans before it subjugated what is popularly regarded as its proper sphere—Asia Minor as far as Konia. Not the least service rendered by the author is the compilation of a useful bibliography.

The extensive and admirably representative collection of incunabula amassed by the historian, John Boyd Thacher, was deposited by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his widow in the Library of Congress in 1910. Frederick W. Ashley, Chief of the Order Division of the Library, has now published a catalogue of the collection (Washington: Government Printing Office), which will take its place with Panzer, Hain, Proctor, and other well-known works of reference on early printed books. The collection numbers 840 entries, which are arranged according to the chronological system adopted by the British Museum and other modern authorities. The main groups are determined by the different countries, in the order in which printing was introduced into each; under each country, its towns are entered on the same principle, under each town its presses, and under each press its books in the order of their publication. The descriptive statement is concise if the book has been adequately described before; in this case reference is made to the appropriate authority. Books not hitherto noticed are very fully described, with titles and colophons exactly reproduced; a list of such entries might well have been given, as well as of the facsimiles of entire pages. There are indexes of countries, towns, printers and publishers, authors and books, and a concordance of numbers with Hain. The bibliography of books on early printing might have included the name of Maittaire. The browser for odds and ends will be rewarded, as, for instance, with the notice of a grammar of Diomedes, Vicenza, 1486, in which the good bishop who bought the book takes care to state:

"Et quidem non ea pecunia, quae ex prouentibus et censibus Episcopatus prouenit. Sed ea, quam honestissimis nostris laboribus aliunde accepimus. Proinde liberum est nobis donare et legare cui uoluerimus. Donamus igitur eundem Collegio nostro—ut ibi in perpetuum Studentibus usui sit."

No tainted money here. Nowadays, unhappily, the possession of a Latin grammar would not necessitate such searchings of heart.

Professors J. S. P. Tatlock and R. G. Martin have collected in one volume twenty-five dramas, from "Noah's Ark" to "Lady Windermere's Fan"—four of the Middle Ages, nine of the Elizabethan period, three of the Restoration, five of the eighteenth century, and four of the nineteenth; and they have, perhaps too boldly, entitled the collection "Representative English Plays from the Middle Ages to the End of the Nineteenth Century" (Century Co.; $2.50). They are, of course, conscious that the attempt to illustrate by so few examples the rich variety and complex history of the English drama presents virtually insoluble difficulties. One of these they evade by wholly omitting Shakespeare, on the ground that his exclusion is under the circumstances "the only way to do him full justice and honor." Another difficulty, created by the fact that an author's most celebrated play is sometimes not the best illustration of an historically important development, they at times overcome with dubious success: they give us Lyly's "Mother Bombie" rather than "Endymion," Marlowe's "Edward II" rather than "Tamburlaine" or "Dr. Faustus," and (with better justification) Dryden's "Conquest of Granada" rather than "All for Love." A collection twice as large as this would unquestionably possess far more than twice the educational value, and might not be censured for maiming the past by excising really characteristic features. If, however, the question be waived whether the study of such *disjecta membra* gives a distorted impression, it must be granted that this volume, the first of its scope, will (when supplemented by some Shakespearean plays) be serviceable in college courses which devote only half a year to the history of English drama.

The brief introductions to the plays consist of historical information and critical analyses. The information is, on the whole, admirably accurate, but reflects the present state of English scholarship in that it is more nearly abreast of the latest researches in miracle plays, moralities, and Elizabethan plays than of those in eighteenth-century drama. The critical analyses are often original, and will prove helpful to intelligent appreciation of the plays. We regret that essays in other respects so praiseworthy should be occasionally marred by hasty colloquialisms and by such slovenly sentences as "He reminds us to an extraordinary degree of his namesake Samuel, to whose biography by Boswell the 'Conversations' by Drummond are like a sort of unflattering first sketch." And we doubt whether the jocose smartness illustrated by such an expression as "laying in moral fuel for the day's run by reading Addison's 'Vision of Mirza'" is the sort of wit that college instructors need to teach their students. There are misprints on pages 421 and 838; but scrupulous care is evident in the texts, which are reprinted from the best editions. The appended bibliographies are well selected.

Drama

LONDON'S DRAMATIC HOLIDAY—TWO KINDS OF PLAYS: AMERICAN AND IDIOTIC.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, October 5.

It may perhaps have been inferred from my long silence that the British Drama has taken a holiday "for the duration of the war," and that the London theatres are closed. The latter part of the inference is over-hasty, but the former is not far from the truth. The theatres are open, and some of them are well attended; but a large part of the British Drama is American, and what is not American is mainly idiotic. Looking down the column of theatrical advertisements, I find that the following American plays are running, all of them, I believe, with some measure of success: "Daddy Longlegs," "Romance," "Her Husband's Wife," "The Misleading Lady," "Mr. Manhattan," "Broadway Jones," "Potash & Perlmutter in Society"—and "Peg o' My Heart" has only just exhausted its enormous vogue. As for the English productions, a selection of titles will, I think, justify my description of the majority of them: "High Jinks," "Pell Mell," "This and That," "A Little Bit of Fluff," "Woman and Wine," "Ye Gods!" "Some," "The Bing Boys are Here," "Look Who's Here!" "Razzle-Dazzle!" "The Girl from Ciro's." Most of these productions are "revues," making no pretension to sanity; and the remainder are farces of brainless and degrading cynicism. Nor is the tale of triviality exhausted in this list; for several pieces which do not proclaim their idiocy in their titles are in fact as idiotic as the rest.

Even in the fever and stress of war, this deliquescence both of intellect and of morals has not passed unnoticed. I myself published an article in the *Fortnightly Review* some months ago, in which I threw out the suggestion that it might be possible to stem the tide of vulgarity by means of an institution founded (with modifications) on the model of the American Drama League; and more recently Gen. Smith-Dorrien made some sensation by denouncing the evil from the moral point of view. But there is, in truth, much more imbecility than vice in the matter. It is a curious fact—due, I think, to a long sequence of historical causes—that in England many people of more than average intelligence in every other respect become imbeciles the moment they approach the theatre. They are ashamed to give serious thought to it, and simply follow the crowd in their theatrical amusements, making it a point of honor to leave their intelligence and their sense of decency at home. The war has accentuated this tendency instead of correcting it, and the reasons are not altogether obscure. Serenity of mind is the first condition for the enjoyment of serious art, and in the ferment of war serenity of mind is impossible. What is really disappointing is that people will not even take the trouble to distinguish between the good and the bad among the light entertainments appropriate to the troubled hour. The old professional army seems unfortunately to have infected the new armies with its cynical levity in reference to the theatre.

Berlin, by all accounts, presents a humiliating contrast to London in this respect. There the higher forms of drama hold their own beside the lower, just as in time of peace. I will not attempt to make light of this contrast; but though it cannot be explained away, it can in a measure be explained. In Germany, though the court and municipal theatres have been far from leading the theatrical movement, they have nevertheless given the drama a status which in our purely commercial theatre it cannot possess. It has been recognized for generations that dramatic art is a matter of national concern, and people are therefore not ashamed to give it serious thought. Thus the Berlin theatres appeal to a public which is by habit and tradition, in theatrical matters, very distinctly more intelligent than ours. Further, there can be little doubt that this public has made it a matter of patriotism to keep the flag of the intellectual drama flying: here the vaunted German organization has probably come into play. But the root of the matter is to be sought, I think, still deeper than this. The average German has been so thoroughly trained to regard war as a normal German activity that it does not get between him and the other interests of life in the way that it does with us. The German is oppressed by the actual physical incidents of the war, but the mere idea of war,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sense of the gratuitous madness and cruelty of the whole business, does not weigh upon him as it does upon every thinking man in England. While this horror is abroad in the world, we have no heart for serious intellectual enjoyments; but to the German it is not, in theory, a horror at all, though the "high spirits" with which, according to Prince Bülow, he went into the war, may be somewhat on the wane. This is no mere speculation on my part: it is founded on a pretty wide reading of German war-books and pamphlets. In the frame of mind of these writers (which, by the way, I am far from envying) there is nothing that need interfere with any æsthetic enjoyment of which they are capable; whereas for my own part, all I want in the theatre is a brief respite from the incubus of this almost intolerable *Weltschmerz*. I do not quarrel with the British public for not hankering after Ibsen and Strindberg and Tchekov, but only for showing no discrimination between the better and the worse in the light entertainments of the hour. Even the absence of Shakespeare from the stage I cannot seriously deplore. Heaven knows we need not go to the theatre for tragedy; and as for comedy, "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" belong to a sane and happy world, not to "this place of wrath and tears."

It is time, however, that I should say something of the few dramatic novelties of the season that are neither American nor absolutely imbecile.

The great success of the moment, it appears, is "Chu Chin Chow," an Oriental spectacle, written by Mr. Oscar Asche, and produced by him at His Majesty's Theatre. It is a version of the tale of our old friend, Ali Baba, the dramatic opportunities of which are entirely subordinated to pageantry and music. As a show, the production is gorgeous almost beyond precedent. The designer, Mr. Percy Anderson, has shown a wealth of fantasy, both in form and color, which is really admirable. At the same time, the production runs quite on the established lines, with no Reinhardtesque or Barkerish novelty of conception. One little device may be mentioned which I had not seen before. When one heavy set has to be substituted for another, instead of occupying the interval with a shallow front-scene, the producer drops a curtain with a small proscenium in the middle of it, about the size of an ordinary cinema screen, and elevated some three feet above the stage level. The curtain over this middle opening is raised almost immediately, and reveals a small tableau-stage, set with a miniature scene, where the action can be carried on by at most three or four figures. The device was employed two or three times, and struck me as rather happy for this class of work. I should not wonder if the tableau-interlude were to become popular, in place of the shallow front-scene or the dreary pause which has hitherto been the only alternative. Part of the attraction of "Chu Chin Chow" is due to the music by Mr. Frederic Norton, which struck me as characteristic and clever—all except a childish waltz-song, which, being hopelessly out of place, was of course the most popular feature of the production.

"The Old Country," by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop (a grandson of Dion Boucicault), is a harmless but distinctly "bromide" comedy, for which it appears that the popularity of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier in the leading part is obtaining some success. James Lane Fountain is the illegitimate son of an English maidservant who, being harshly treated by a pharisaic neighborhood, emigrated with her infant to America. There he became a millionaire; and he now returns to his mother's native place, bent on taking signal vengeance on its inhabitants. His idea of vengeance is a curiously mild one. It consists in buying the manor-house in which his mother was a servant, in order to install her there as lady of the manor. As the owner is evidently willing to sell, and as Mr. Fountain doubtless pays the market value for the property, one is inclined to say with Hamlet, "Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge." Eventually, it appears that the squire whom he is buying out is none other than his natural-born father; that his mother, a silver-haired old lady, does not share his thirst for revenge; and that he himself has lost his heart to a dainty English girl, who comes downstairs at midnight, in her dressing-gown and with her hair in plaits, in order to propose to him. This crowning mercy drives from his heart the last remnant of ill-feeling, and there is every probability that he will transfer his millions to England, become a Tory squire, and in due time accept a peerage.

"Mr. Jubilee Drax," at the Haymarket, is the product of an Anglo-American collaboration; but I cannot think it a fortunate international episode. It is almost the worst thing Mr. H. A. Vachell has ever done, and by no means the best thing Mr. Walter Hackett has given us. The latter gentleman is an incorrigible dramatic trickster. It seems to be out of his power to write a "straight" play. This time he does not actually play practical jokes on his audience, but he and Mr. Vachell, for no conceivable reason, elect to tell their story backwards, after the fashion of "On Trial." And a most confused and bewildering story it is. The hero is a marvellously clever adventurer, who is engaged by an American millionaire (another!) to convey from Constantinople to England a fabulous blue diamond. It is in the possession of a Levantine scoundrel named Mangassarogli, who earns a modest competence by selling it for £10,000 to every one who comes along, and then murdering the purchaser and taking it back again. How Mr. Drax escapes this fate I do not know; nor do I know whether he gets away with the real diamond or with a counterfeit which Mangassarogli is also in the habit of selling from time to time. He is followed to Constantinople, and back again to Paris and England, by a gang of three crooks (one a lady of title) who have ignored the sound old maxim that when you have no brains honesty is by far the best policy. They, in their turn, are shadowed by a charming young lady, whose function is entirely unexplained for an act or two, but who turns out to be a detective in the pay of an insurance company. In the end she marries Mr. Drax; and what becomes of the diamond I really do not know, nor can any array of terms express my indifference on the point. The play, to be frank, is a singularly bad one; but the first-night audience seemed to like it. The part of Drax was to have been played by Mr. Henry Ainley; but that admirable actor has been scooped up by the recruiting authorities. I trust they will not be prodigal enough to expose so irreplaceable a talent to the risks of war; but one need not commiserate him too much on having missed the chance of playing Mr. Jubilee Drax.

Those astute and usually fortunate managers, Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, have made an inexplicable mistake in producing, under the title of "The Hawk," an amazingly feeble play by Monsieur Francis de Croisset, adapted by Mr. Edward Knoblauch. It would scarcely have passed muster thirty years ago—to-day it is a sheer anachronism. The Hawk is a gambler who uses his beautiful wife as his decoy. The lady falls in love with a pigeon whom her husband is trying to pluck. They are so unskilful at their profession that the pigeon, though the foolishest of fowls, detects them at their little games. Nevertheless, he proposes to marry the lady if her husband will consent to a divorce. The Hawk, after declaring that he will murder any one who comes between him and his wife, subdues, with no apparent effort, his homicidal impulses, and takes to morphia instead. He consents to a divorce, and is evidently on the brink of suicide (for his little cunning at cards has deserted him) when an American millionaire—the third!—intervenes. This millionaire *ex machinâ*, knowing the Hawk to be a detected blackleg and a far-gone morphinomaniac, at once recognizes in him a heaven-born manager for a valuable mining property he has recently acquired in China. The flair of these wonderful American millionaires! He offers the Hawk, who adds to his other qualifications a complete ignorance of mining, a salary of, I think, $10,000 a year—or was it $25,000? At all events, the Hawk throws away his hypodermic syringe and accepts. His wife, meanwhile, coming to beg him to divorce her, finds that she has after all mistaken her sentiments, and that she really prefers the Hawk to the pigeon. So all ends happily (for even the pigeon has by this time recognized that Mrs. Hawk would be out of place in the dovecote), and the moral is that so beautifully expressed in the fine old lyric:

> No matter what you do
> If your heart is ever true,
> And his *was* true to Poll.

But why, oh why, do not American millionaires in real life live up to the ideal or eidolon of them which haunts the imagination of European dramatists?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

AMERICANS IN OUR CONCERT HALLS.

Those who believe that this country is destined to become a leader among musical nations may find encouragement in the large number of prominent and promising Americans who are appearing this season in concerts or recitals. Among those who have been heard here recently are Maud Powell, Olga Samaroff, Myrtle Moses, Teresa Carreño, Loraine Wyman, Howard Brockway, Albert Spalding, Lester Donahue, Samuel Gardner, Harold Henry, John Powell, Charles Wakefield Cadman. The last-named may be considered first, because his entertainment was doubly American, consisting as it did of red music, partly in aboriginal form and sung by an Indian girl, and partly in amalgamation with white music that originated in Mr. Cadman's brain. The Indian girl is the daughter of a Creek Indian chief, and her stage name is Princess Tsianina. She is young and pretty; she has an agreeable voice, and when she sings the ditties of her tribe, or those of other red men, she does it with fervor and charming simplicity, while giving a racial touch by moving her arms in a canoe song, or kneeling, as in the Zuñi "Invocation to the Sun God." Mr. Cadman is one of the most promising of our younger composers, and his achievements are already noteworthy. They include a trio for strings and piano, in D major, which was played on this occasion. In his manipulation of Indian music he follows the example of Edward MacDowell rather than that of Harvey Worthington Loomis, who preserves more of the wild-plum flavor. There is an infusion of Indian sap also in Mr. Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water," which was made famous by the late Lillian Nordica, and is now a "best-seller."

Another unique entertainment was that given by Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway in the Cort Theatre. It presented a number of "Lonesome Tunes," that is, tunes gathered by these two lovers of folk-tune in the remote and seldom-visited mountains of Kentucky, where the natives live under conditions almost as primitive as those of the red Indian. They are descendants of English, Scotch, and Irish settlers of the period of Daniel Boone, and since that time many of the tunes they sang have been modified so much as to make it possible to speak of them as an almost new variety of American folk-songs. About eighty of them were found to be sufficiently good and unusual to be put on permanent record, and the H. W. Gray Company has in press a volume of them. In providing them with accompaniments on the piano Mr. Brockway, another of our promising composers, has perhaps erred in some cases by introducing modern touches in the harmony; but this is a mooted point, some holding that we have as much right as our ancestors had to attach the harmonies of the period to tunes that originally have none at all. The loveliest of the songs gathered by them in Kentucky they hold to be "The Nightingale"; judging by the enthusiasm it aroused, it is sure to become a favorite at recitals and in homes. Miss Wyman sang it charmingly, as she did the other numbers on the programme. She is a daughter of Julia Wyman, whose musical intelligence she has inherited, together with unusual beauty of voice and person and grace of movement and gesture, some of which no doubt goes to the account of her teacher, Yvette Guilbert, who has lately been delighting local audiences again, and who, as seen in the case of Miss Wyman and two of her pupils who have appeared with her, is destined to exercise a most salutary effect on young American singers and *diseuses*. Miss Wyman also sang a group of old French songs with a diction that was a joy to hear and such French as can be spoken only by one who has been brought up in France and who has come under such influence as that of Yvette Guilbert.

Before passing on to the instrumentalists, another singer of promise may be briefly mentioned—Myrtle Moses, who gave a recital in the Cort Theatre, exhibiting a smooth, mellow voice and taste in the choice as well as in the interpretation of songs of diverse styles. She is a member of the Chicago Opera Company. In the same theatre, which is favored by artists because of its excellent acoustics, Maud Powell has once more established her claim to rank with the greatest violinists of the period. Indeed, in beauty of tone and intensity of expression, as well as in technical virtuosity, she closely approximated Fritz Kreisler. Following his example, she has arranged some antique Italian, French, and modern Slavic gems for violin. Two of these she played on this occasion: Martini's "Plaisirs d'Amour" and Dvorák's delightful "Songs My Mother Sang." They will soon appear on many programmes of other players. Albert Spalding is another American violinist concerning whom one can write in superlatives of praise. He seems particularly in sympathy with French music. The Prelude to "Le Déluge," by Saint-Saëns, was played by him so entrancingly last week that, notwithstanding its length, the audience insisted on a repetition. If space permitted, a paragraph might be devoted also to a third excellent native violinist, Samuel Gardner, who appeared with the deservedly famous English violoncellist, Beatrice Harrison.

Among the American pianists lately heard I have named Teresa Carreño, who, though aged sixty, preserves her youthful energy marvellously. Though a Venezuelean by birth, she long resided in New York, and is also affiliated with us as the teacher of our foremost composer, Edward MacDowell. Olga Samaroff, despite her Russian name, is a genuine American, from Texas, which has also given us one of our best composers and conductors, Frank van der Stucken. She played, among other things, novelties by the American composer and pianist, Ernest Schelling, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

F. R. HALSEY'S COLLECTION OF PRINTS AND ENGRAVINGS.

On November 1, 2, and 3, the first section of the F. R. Halsey collection, under the title of Americana, came up for auction, and the items both individually and collectively brought unprecedented prices. It was one more example of the American "plunging" habit—a case either of men of unlimited wealth giving their agents carte blanche to purchase, or of dealers buying most recklessly for their stock. One man alone bought about two-fifths of the entire collection. The result was that the Washington and Franklin portraits fetched top prices, and the values of New York views and naval prints soared proportionately.

Mr. Halsey's collection of Americana, though not so complete as the Holden, Mitchell, and Carson collections, nevertheless contained many rare and interesting prints. The selection of the Washington, Franklin, and Jones engravings gave a sufficient idea of the range of possible portraits; few of the really important types were lacking, though among the portraits of John Paul Jones one missed Haid's fine engraving. One wonders, too, seeing that Mr. Halsey had five portraits of Admiral Augustus Keppel, that he did not acquire the best of them all, the engraving by Doughty. Many of the prints, notably the Colonel Tarleton, by J. R. Smith, have been seen in much finer impressions, but as a general rule the standard of quality and preservation was high in view of the rarity of many of the prints. Noteworthy as combining fineness of impression with the utmost scarcity were the Samuel Adams by Graham, the Benjamin Franklin by Jehner, the John Paul Jones by Notté, the Lafayette by Debucourt, the Thomas Paine by Watson, and many others. Of the Washington portraits the most notable were by Peale, Valentine Green, Cheesman, and Savage; of the Franklin portraits, those by Fisher, Jehner, Rugendas, McArdell, Janinet, and Peale.

As one examined the collection in detail, one gained an idea of the artistic background of the American colonies. The early settlers lived and worked amid exceedingly simple and primitive conditions, but in their art, instead of facing this fact and laying the foundations for a vital and independent expression, they borrowed from the sophisticated tradition of the mother country. So their roughness and crudeness were the expression not of strength but of incompetence. Such art, if I may use the unflattering comparison, bears the same relation to truly primitive art that the unkempt, vacant lots of the suburban districts bear to the virgin soil of forest and prairie. Both represent a turgid commingling of sophistication and the primitive. It is from this point of view that one must look at such early American works as the portraits of Generals Lee, Warren, and Putnam, or even the William Pitt by Charles Willson Peale, all of them important rarities in the light of history but negligible as works of art. Indeed, the things that flashed out most clearly as possessing artistic interest were such works of the English mezzotint school as the portraits of Caleb Whitefoord by Jones, Mrs. West and Daughter by Val-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entine Green, Thomas Pownall by Earlom, or Sir Jeffrey Amherst by James Watson.

It was interesting to look over all the portraits, whether good or bad, with a view to estimating the relative popularity of the subjects as reflected in the number devoted to each figure. The portrait collection was of course by no means complete, but the proportions still held true. Washington led with forty-two portraits, Franklin followed with thirty-seven, Lafayette was next with eighteen, John Paul Jones with fourteen, General Gates with eight, General Charles Lee with seven, John Hancock with six, and Thomas Jefferson with five. It would seem that the military heroes far outnumbered in popularity the distinguished men in civil life. The two whose contribution fell more exclusively in the realm of statecraft, Hancock and Jefferson, came lowest on the list. Franklin was the exception, and his popularity may be explained by the vogue of Poor Richard's Almanac (there was a broadside of illustrations in the collection) and by his renown as a philosopher abroad. Indeed, in the Alix portrait Franklin appeared as the peer of the great French philosophers in the same gallery of distinguished men as Descartes, Molière, Voltaire, Buffon, Linnæus, La Fontaine, and others. The portrait of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, by J. R. Smith, also called to mind the European recognition of an American scientist and administrator. Among the Presidential portraits there were the rare mezzotint of Thomas Jefferson by Savage, the fine portrait of James Madison by Edwin, and the rare stipple of James Monroe by Goodman and Piggot. It is curious that portraits of Monroe should be the rarest among those of all the Presidents. Apparently the importance of his statesmanship was not recognized by contemporary engravers.

New views of New York and the American scenes were as a general rule fine in quality and importance, since no effort was made for historical completeness. The catalogue was admirably written by Robert Fridenberg.

C. Z.

Finance

THE INCOMING TIDE OF GOLD.

The Government's monthly report of money circulating in the United States, given out last week, shows an increase, as compared with a year ago, of $441,000,000, or nearly 12 per cent. As compared with this month in 1913, it is 15 per cent., and it is stated to have increased one-third since so recent a date as 1911. The percentages thus calculated are subject to considerable error; for the Treasury's original estimate of the circulating medium, on which all subsequent figures were based, was largely made up of conjecture.

Nevertheless, the gross figures of increase in the American money supply remain. They still fail to show, so far as regards even the past twelve months, the portentous increase in paper currency which a year ago we were told had happened because it must have happened. But they none the less report an increase of $479,000,000 in the American stock of gold; that increase alone being considerably more than one-tenth of the total estimated money supply in the United States a year ago. This is sensational enough, and the impulsive American community very naturally rushes to conclusions.

A year ago the incoming tide of gold was welcomed effusively, because it was tangible testimony to our vast prosperity. Presently came a feeling that Europe was somehow pressing its compliments too hard. Wall Street beheld itself drifting into the position of the legendary clergyman who prayed for rain to help out his parishioners, got a cloudburst, and offered a supplementary prayer for a little discretion about not overdoing things.

It is really a very striking movement. England, which last year sent us some $240,000,000 gold (directly or through Canada) up to the end of October, has sent more than $390,000,000 in the same ten months of 1916, and does not seem to be tired of doing so. The fact that prices of commodities are rising and that speculation is rampant on the American financial markets, suggested considerations not usually recognized in a "gold import movement." Its dangerous possibilities, through inflation of bank reserves, have been properly recognized by prudent bankers. Imaginative theorists have even suggested the coming demonetization of gold and the leaving of the United States, when war is over, with only a heap of dead leaves in the strongboxes which it had supposed contained international treasure.

It may be doubted if any one will lie awake at night worrying over this last-mentioned possibility. For good or bad, we shall have to take what comes to us in the way of increased reserve money—though the banking community is quite right in warning us about its possible influence. But what does it really mean? That somebody across the ocean is paying cash for abnormal purchases of war munitions, goes without saying. So does the fact that, since even a moderate "gold-import movement" ordinarily testifies to sound conditions in the importing country, therefore this flood of west-bound gold is the strongest possible evidence of our own economic situation. Has it, however, no other economic significance?

Economists of the longer future will probably direct attention to two aspects in the matter, almost completely overlooked to-day. One is the fact that, despite the prohibition of a premium on gold by Continental Governments, or of private gold exports, that very phenomenon has occurred which marked every previous period of war and paper inflation—the stripping of all the gold from the every-day, hand-to-hand circulation of belligerent states. The other is, that England has pursued, in the face of formidable obstacles, the path mapped out by sound financial tradition. It has met misgivings as to its public credit, and an unheard-of pressure on its own gold supplies, by paying out gold to its foreign creditors—cheerfully, without interruption, and in enormous sums. It is impossible to doubt the bearing of this policy on Great Britain's future international financial prestige.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Andrews, M. R. S. The Eternal Feminine. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Bennett, A. The Lion's Share. Doran. $1.50 net.
Biggers, Earl Derr. The Agony Column. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Carlson, C. L. The Taming of Calinga. Dutton. $1.35 net.
O'Brien, S. The Whale and the Grasshopper. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Ollivant, A. The Brown Mare. Knopf. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Addams, J. The Long Road of Woman's Memory. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Illustrations by L. Rhead. Harper. $1.50 net.
Barto, P. S. Tannhäuser and the Mountain of Venus. Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.
Meacham, A. Belle Jones. Dutton. 50 cents
Merrington, E. N. The Problem of Personality. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Mitchell, J. P. St. Jean de Crèvecœur. Columbia University Press.
Pain, B. The Short Story. Doran. 40 cents net.
Topham, A. Memories of the Fatherland. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Whitney, C. What's the Matter with Mexico? Macmillan. 50 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Henry, F. A. Jesus and the Christian Religion. Putnam. $3 net.
Wundt, W. Elements of Folk Psychology. Translated by E. L. Schaub. Macmillan. $3.75 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Lapp, J. A. Our America. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
New York City's Administrative Progress, 1914-16. Conducted Under the Direction of Henry Bruere, Chamberlain city of New York.
Reed, T. H. Forms and Functions of American Government. World Book Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Beveridge, A. J. The Life of John Marshall. Vols I and II. Houghton Mifflin. $8 net per set.
Birket, J. Some Cursory Remarks. Yale Historical Manuscripts. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Buswell, L. Ambulance No. 10. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
More, A. Fecundity Versus Civilization. Introduction by Arnold Bennett. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
Nicolay, H. Our Nation in the Building. Century. $2.50 net.
Oviatt, E. The Beginnings of Yale. Yale University Press. $3.50 net.
Warner, G. T. How Wars Were Won. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Woodbridge, F. J. E. The Purpose of History. Columbia University Press.

TRAVEL.

Bartlett, R. A., and Hale, R. T. The Last Voyage of the Karluk. Small Maynard. $2.50 net.

POETRY.

Bryson, L. Smoky Roses. Putnam.
Campbell, R. W. The Making of Micky McGhee. London: Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Greenwood, J. W. From Dawn to Eve. Boston: Badger.
Griffith, W. Loves and Losses of Pierrot. New York: Robert J. Shores.
MacPhail, A. The Book of Sorrow. Oxford University Press.

SCIENCE.

Brady, W. Personal Health, A Doctor Book for Discriminating People. Phila.: Saunders. $1.50 net.
Ladd, N. M. How to Make Friends with Birds. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Wilder, L. B. My Garden. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART.

Cesare. One Hundred Cartoons. Small, Maynard. $3 net.
Cincinnati. Prints from the Etchings of E. T. Hurley. Cincinnati: St. James Press.

JUVENILE.

Bailey, C. S. Stories for Sunday Telling. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Fenner, W. M. W. Betty's Beautiful Nights. Putnam.
Meigs, C. Master Simon's Garden. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Nida, W. L. and S. H. A Child's Robinson Crusoe. Beckley-Cardy Co. 36 cents.
Perry, S. G. S. The Clever Mouse. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Stratton-Porter, G. Morning Face. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Twelve Plays for Children. Beckley-Cardy Co. 30 cents.

TEXTBOOKS.

Game, J. B. Teaching High-School Latin. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Kerr, J. Newsholme's School Hygiene. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Weaver's New School Songs. Beckley-Cardy Co.

Ready This Week

Sarah N. Cleghorn and Dorothy Canfield Fisher's

BOOK OF EVERYDAY HELPS TO HEALTH AND TRANQUILLITY

FELLOW CAPTAINS

By the author of "THE SPINSTER" and the author of "THE BENT TWIG"

An unpretentious book which is the result of a good deal of living. It is the outcome of a long, friendly companionship, and its publication is intended as an invitation to a wider circle of friends to share in a home-grown and very simple philosophy. $1.25 *net.*

Robert Frost's New Volume of Poetry

MOUNTAIN INTERVAL

By the author of "NORTH OF BOSTON" and "A BOY'S WILL"

This new book shows a performance and a promise beyond that of either of Mr. Frost's earlier volumes. $1.25 *net.*

Richard Burton's

BERNARD SHAW: The Man and the Mask

By the Ex-President of the Drama League of America; author of "How to See a Play," etc.

The author aims to give information to those who know little about Shaw and hopes he may furnish even the perfect Shavians with new viewpoints on their idol. $1.50 *net.*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 34 W. 33d St. New York

PUBLISHERS OF "THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW."

Reminiscences of a War Time Statesman and Diplomat

1830-1915

By Frederick W. Seward

Assistant Secretary of State under

Lincoln, Johnson, and Hayes

8°. 500 *pages.* $3.50 *net.*

The son of William Henry Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln, Mr. Seward had a remarkably interesting and distinguished career. He was sent to warn Lincoln of the plot to assassinate him in 1861. He was Assistant Secretary of State for twelve years. He was nearly murdered in his father's defence April 14, 1865, and later participated in many events of national importance.

From the Press

"So completely filled with matter of the most intense interest to every live American, that the reviewer has the utmost difficulty in deciding what to refer to."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Far more fascinating than a novel, this lively volume, richer, too, in the quality called atmosphere and in suggestive inspiration. The kind of book that may be read over and over, reopened anywhere."—*Chicago Herald.*

"An interesting volume of *real* recollections, the very index of which reads like a roster of great deeds and great names."—*Phila. North American.*

All Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

Publishers

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law

Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

Vol. 74, No. 1. THE RISE OF ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROL IN QUEBEC

By WALTER ALEXANDER RIDDELL, Ph.D., Director of Social Surveys for the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Canada. 8vo. Pp. 195. *Paper Cover.* $1.75.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers

PEPYS ON THE RESTORATION STAGE

Edited, with an Introduction, by HELEN MCAFEE

Miss McAfee's compilation of this material shows how really remarkable was Pepys's familiarity with the Restoration stage, actors, playwrights and audiences. Her introductory chapters on the Critics and Pepys's Material on the Stage, Pepys as a Dramatic Historian, and Pepys and the Restoration Stage, form a delightful framework to the observations of the Diarist.

6 *illustrations.* $3.00 *net, postpaid.*

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

209 Elm Street, New Haven, Conn. 280 Madison Ave, New York City

THE CIVILIZATION OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA

By MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Professor of Semitic Languages, Univ. of Pennsylvania. 164 *illustrations. Handsome Library Cl. 8vo. in box. Net,* $6.

The only book on the subject treating of the entire civilization of these ancient nations—languages, laws, religions, customs, buildings, etc.—other books have treated only partial phases of the subject.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

THE POSSIBLE PEACE

By ROLAND HUGINS

An illuminating discussion of the possibilities of a permanent peace after the world war.

Price $1.25 net

THE CENTURY CO. New York

AUCTION BRIDGE CLUB SET Manual, latest rules, correct plays and etiquette. Score book, pencil, 2 packs gilt edge cards, in box. $1. Walker Bldg., Boston. Parcels post. Agents wanted.

BIG BOOK CATALOG FREE

Books of General and Special Interest

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

902 Winston Building Philadelphia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM SOLVED

REAL BOOKS IN REAL BINDINGS

The Kind You Like to Own or Give
Discriminating Friends

THE CONISTON CLASSICS

The Coniston Classics consist of forty-nine volumes selected by us for their literary worth and universal appeal. The books you have read or want to read and own.

The format is attractive; the volumes being handy to hold, yet large enough for the library shelf. Each book contains a Portrait and Title-page in Photogravure, and the binding is most attractive, being full Bedford morocco; round corners, green under gold edges. Each volume neatly boxed. A Book worth while.

The following is a list of titles:

MARCUS AURELIUS' MEDITATIONS
BACON'S ESSAYS
LAMB'S ESSAYS OF ELIA
BROWN'S RAB AND HIS FRIENDS
RUSKIN'S SESAME AND LILIES
SCOTT'S IVANHOE
KINGSLEY'S WESTWARD HO!
GASKELL'S CRANFORD
DICKENS' TALE OF TWO CITIES
DICKENS' DAVID COPPERFIELD
ADAM BEDE
JOHN HALIFAX
BLACKMORE'S LORNA DOONE
LAMBS' TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS
A CHILD'S BOOK OF SAINTS
FAIRY GOLD
KINGSLEY'S WATER BABIES
LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS
BROWNING'S RING & THE BOOK
TENNYSON'S POEMS (2 Vols.)
BURNS' POEMS AND SONGS
PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY
CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES
MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POEMS
LONGFELLOW'S POEMS
MILTON'S POEMS
EMERSON'S ESSAYS
HAWTHORNE'S WONDER BOOK
SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES
SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES
SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORIES
IMITATION OF CHRIST
DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY
EMERSON'S POEMS
RAMAYANA
EPICTETUS
CENTURY OF ESSAYS
NEW GOLDEN TREASURY
HEROIC VERSE
IBSEN'S A DOLL'S HOUSE
IBSEN'S THE PRETENDERS
KEATS' POEMS
CHRISTIAN YEAR
POE'S TALES
ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE
CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH
VANITY FAIR
SONGS AND BALLADS FROM OVER THE SEA

For Sale at all Firstclass Bookstores. The Price the Same Everywhere

Net One Dollar and Fifty Cents. **Each Full Leather, Boxed**

Descriptive, illustrated catalogue sent on request

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

THE NATION PRESS, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED